

NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

The Sallency of Sydney Rosenfeld—The Rhymic Humor of His Topical Songs

—Similarity of The Lady or the Tiger to A Possible Case in Essential Qualities and Deficiencies—The Fun of Irritation is Not Comedy But Burlesque—The Lady or the Tiger a Farce Comedy with Musical Passages

—The Influence of Ermine in Developing the Weakness of Comic Opera—The Mystery of a Hansom Cab a Bad Play—The Wallack Vale—Miss Siddons a Sympathetic Imitation of O'Connor.

Sydney Rosenfeld is always salient.

He is an exceedingly clever man at spouts. Some of his topical songs touch with clean rhythmic humor the thing of the moment that we are all thinking about.

It is always a trivial and nearly always an absurd touch on the surface. He has never yet got below the epidermis of events to the soul of motives or the vertebral of character.

In other words, Sydney Rosenfeld is a farceur and not a philosopher, and he will tell you, if you ask him, that he doesn't want to be a philosopher. He wants to deal with the bark of life and not with the sap. He is not an Aristophanes. He is an American humorist.

There always has been room in the world, and I suppose there always will be room, for those pungent fellows who can set the table in a roar, seize upon the absurd aspects of every red and solemn problem and without ever being serious always continue to remain salient.

Mr. Rosenfeld is just at this moment more than usually conspicuous because his work occupies two of our best public pedestals, and is supposed by casual observers to be work that represents two extremes of thought and method.

A very little reflection will convince anybody that this is a mistake. A Possible Case and The Lady or the Tiger are twins in treatment as they are brothers in the bone. They both present in theme the same deficiency in dramatic or cumulative interest, the same topical substitution for human essentials, the same effervescent and superficial humor of manner in the place of humor of character, the same attempt to make absurd action take the place of conduct, the same dependence upon incidental and often irrelevant fun, the same contradictions in personality, the same failure to get away from the burlesque spirit into the comedy atmosphere.

Mr. Rosenfeld, who is both young and intelligent, desires, like all young and intelligent playwrights, to be accredited with something better than burlesque or farce-comedy, and he has insisted from the start that A Possible Case is genuine comedy.

Unfortunately the play itself insists upon contradicting him. A moment's consideration of his work will show the fallacy of his claim. He selects a great social and inter-State American problem which at this moment is receiving the studious attention of law-makers, moralists, political economists and reformers. It is the anomalous marriage and divorce laws that are on the statute books of the American States. The condition of things which he has found there touches the most vital centres of social well-being and personal happiness. Innumerable wrongs and countless vices are said to spring from it. Woman herself is outraged by it. Society is scandalized, and the corner-stone of our social fabric—the family—is threatened.

How does the playwright come to the treatment of this exceptional and prodigious social fact? Does he with a keen instinct perceive any of the vital and serious issues? Does he apprehend any of the sad, deep wrongs? Does he touch upon the essentials? Does he show us in his personages any of the practical difficulties? Does he with the chaste but lightsome pen of comedy trace the course of romance, the immutability of affection or the law of loyalty? Are we interested in the bonds or in the badiwage?

Does he not rather exhibit for our delectation how funny it is to be married three times? Does he not invent what he calls possible cases, that must remain in our judgment extremely improbable cases?

What has the anomalous condition of our laws to do with the idiotic conduct of the first Mrs. Brinkerhoff, who leaves her husband at the

instigation of her mother, runs away to Spain and comes back after the expiration of five years to inform Mr. Brinkerhoff, who has taken another wife, that she loves him still? What can be more servile and silly than her plea that she will lay eight millions at his feet if he will overlook her five years' spree? What can be more sappily indeterminate than Mr. Brinkerhoff's conduct at this crisis?

Like the author he labors under the fatuous illusion that the law is responsible for her conduct. But suppose there had been no law on the subject, would she have been any less rattle-brained? He doesn't know whether he loves Mrs. Brinkerhoff number one or Mrs. Brinkerhoff number two. It is morally impossible to discover in his conduct with the two women one scintilla of principle or determination. It never occurs to him that in such a dilemma, brought about by the unpardonable abandonment by one woman that he has

eral name of comic opera, would command much commendation for its bright spots and broad humor. But Mr. Rosenfeld insists that it is an original musical comedy-drama.

It is nothing of the sort. A drama whether musical or declamatory, presupposes certain things. It must have plot, sustained interest, climax, suspense, denouement. Above all else it must be peopled with human beings who belong to the same animal and psychic order as ourselves. Else the sympathy is lost in the merely sensuous diversion.

This is the final test of drama and the instant gauge of burlesque.

Suppose you apply it to The Lady or the Tiger. Is it the heroine or De Wolf Hopper that you are interested in? Is it the relationship of the personages or the roistering of the comedians that holds you?

I perfectly agree with a sagacious critic who said, "Had Mr. Rosenfeld called this produc-

tion excites laughter, but is mistaken by the author for sentiment."

It is only fair to Mr. Rosenfeld to acknowledge that he is young, and those broad views of life which enable playwrights to put essentials into plays are the result of development.

The Lady or the Tiger is to me even more immature than A Possible Case. I do not mean by this that Mr. Rosenfeld is developing the wrong way. I only mean that he hasn't reached what the Germans call his "storm and stress" period.

His work is content to be smart. I think it is time it ought to be something more. That he is developing is perhaps shown in the vast superiority of The Lady or the Tiger to The Mystic Isle, than which nothing could well be more superficial and ephemeral.

I've a conviction that the monstrosity we now call comic opera is on its last legs. The legs, I grant you, are very beautiful, but they

To untangle it in comic opera, and illustrate it with topical songs is very much as if one should try to chant his creed to a banjo accompaniment, or walk the straight and narrow path on roller skates.

The attempt to develop current sketches into plays has a brilliant defeat in The Mystery of Hanson Cab.

Anything more undramatic than the treatment of that rather slender story I have not recently seen. The worst of all errors is committed in the first act, for that act leaves no room for further interest or suspense.

Mr. Lee is singularly fatuous in associating himself with bad plays. He has every good quality but good judgment. He can act, but he cannot reason; and he never appears to know what is good for him. It he would go into a stock company and stay there for five years under mental discipline, I believe he would distinguish himself. But he must be star, playwright, manager, operator, director, dramatist. Stuffed with inordinate schemes to-day, sullen and disconsolate to-morrow. One of the best character-actors we have, he is probably the most whimsical and profligate of men. I mean profligate of talents.

There are more actors that fall through bad judgment than ever fall through weak talents. It isn't that they haven't got abilities, but they do not know how to place them.

The role is going up for Wallack. Rosenfeld has sealed himself in the place of old comedy; De Wolf Hopper stands where John Gilbert stood; Rose Coghlan has taken her sad, sweet smile to Brooklyn. We can trace all the fragments of the company except John Gilbert and his waist-coats. I suppose he will land at Pigeon Cove after the Wallack affair, and settle down and begin to save his money—the extravagant old dog!

I meant to have pointed out to you the illustrious example of Miss Siddons, and forgot it. I don't think you will fail to ask what's in a name if you had seen the extraordinary performances of this lady of late at Dockstader's and the Madison Square. It's a case of what we used to call sympathetic imitation. A popular mania which makes people imitate a novel suicide, and try to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge after an idiot has celebrated himself in the attempt. I don't think we should ever have heard of Siddons if Mr. O'Connor had not made that splash at the Star.

I remember when it was first mentioned in the papers that Clara Morris took morphine, half a score actresses at once began to dose themselves. Miss Siddons was guyed the night I saw her. She appeared to invite it. Guying, she evidently thought, was the latest caper.

It isn't.

NYM CRINKLE.

P. S.—I wish I had margin enough to mention the revival of Kate Forsythe at the Madison Square, the proper and dismal ending of the monkey show at the Star, the return of Joe Haworth to Paul Kauvar, the entree of Matt Morgan into the domain of Christian art—by the way, I hear that Jim Roach has been engaged by J. M. Hill to lecture on the great picture; the Wild West stir at Erastina for the coming Summer, and the probability that the Prince of Wales will come over so as to be with his Buffalo Bill; the opening of a well of gas undefined at the Fifth Avenue Theatre; the many vaudevilles at Daly's; the arrival of Helen Barry, looking large, sumptuous and eager; the many comments and contradictions that my article on the Japanese play has caused—but I haven't I'm not short of topics, but space. N. C.

Imre Kiraly's gigantic outdoor spectacles at St. George, Staten Island, will make New York the centre of attraction for amusement-seekers and tourists the coming Summer. On June 5 he will inaugurate a series of outdoor festivals. Chevalier Blondin, the tight-rope artist, has been engaged and will appear at special matinee performances; and Capt. Martinez, a Spanish aeronaut, will make balloon ascensions. The sum of \$180,000, Mr. Kiraly assures us, will be expended in transforming St. George into a Roman amphitheatre of the time of Nero. There will be Olympic games, Roman chariot races, gladiatorial contests and realistic combats between men and savage beasts, introducing herds of elephants, lions, tigers, camels and horses. In the evening Nero, or the Fall of Rome, will be given on a stage 400 feet wide by 300 feet deep. There will be a moving panorama of scenery and 3,200 feet of constructed buildings, including temples, palaces and gardens, people with hundreds of living persons. Upwards of 2,300 people will take part in the spectacle, according to the management.



MATTIE EARLE.

any duty to the other, and that the straight way out of it all is to do right.

The consensus of sentiment and of reason in the audience asks this question of Mr. Brinkerhoff: 'Never mind the law, which woman do you love?

Mr. Brinkerhoff, with a keen sense only of what is low comedy, replies: "I'm blessed if I know. I loved number one for the first twenty minutes and insisted on number two going away immediately. Now I love number two and I'm going to let number one go. This may not be in accordance with well defined courses of human action and responsibility, but it's funny."

It is always funny to be irrational. The question is can the irrational thing be comedy in a proper sense?

The Lady or the Tiger, had it been allowed to take its place in the category of current musical burlesques which pass under the gen-

tion a farce comedy, with musical passages, and made no effort to overstep the bounds which Nature and art alike impose upon him, the effect would have been far better."

I agree with this all the more heartily, because I said virtually the same thing, minus the musical passages, when A Possible Case was produced.

I was more struck with Mr. Rosenfeld's limitations than I was with his possibilities. In his own domain he is probably the brightest sketch-maker we have. But he never once broke through the barrier of farce-comedy.

The limitations are the same in both efforts. You come away remembering the absurdities only. You feel that the author tried to crawl into comedy by making some of his people do extravagant things seriously, as when Miss Dorr, with lugubrious solemnity, says to Brinkerhoff: 'Do not let me drive you to New Jersey,' a bit of serio-comic burlesque that

are weak-kneed. Nothing has done so much to bring about this state of things as Ermine. Its emptiness and color are traditional. It was no more like comic opera than Joe Jefferson is like Nat Goodwin; but it stayed. It made people tired with comic opera.

There is nothing in Stockton's pretty little sketch that suggests comic opera, any more than the divorce laws of the United States suggest burlesque.

Stockton's story suggests—and this is its value—the undying human problem of a woman's love and its dual manifestations. Will she lean to the side of affection, which is self-sacrifice, or to the side of passion, which is destructive? Does she love her man nobly enough to see him happy with some one else, or does she love him so selfishly that she would rather have him torn to pieces than be another? This is the golden knot of The Lady or the Tiger.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

At the Theatres.

WALLACK'S THEATRE—THE LADY OR THE TIGER.

Pausanias.....	De Wolf Hopper
Menander.....	J. Hermon D'Angelis
Theothycides.....	Francis Gaillard
The Five Ephori, or Chief Magistrates of Sparta.....	Alfred Kieff
	George W. Kyle
	Louis Schneider
	C. H. Jones
	Linden Morrison
	Grace Seavey
	Clara Childs
	Emma Miller
	Tillie Frank
	Florence Willy
	Mary Van Donick
	Bessie Clegg
	Gertie Jones
	Imogene Johnson
	Lon Edgar
	Eugene Oudin
	Caterina Marco
	Madeleine Lucette
	Maud Wilson
	Mathilde Cotterell

The Young Athenian
Princess.....

Lamachus.....

Irene.....

Hilaria.....

Darcos.....

Polyxena.....

Frank Stockton's world-famous skit, *The Lady or the Tiger*, was in the most literal sense a success of curiosity. It was most interesting not by what it told, but what it withheld, and left the reader with a pleasant, tormenting, titillating itch to know, far more enjoyable than the fruition of the fullest knowledge. As gratitude is said to be a keen recognition of favors to come, the author earned our warmest regard on an elementary capital of negation, and made us love him by holding—as the French phrase has it—the sweetmeat above our reach. Our longing once sated, we should probably turn our backs on him, and for the nonce hold him of slight account.

It is a queer testimonial to the universal interest excited by this amazingly clever trifles, that even its imitators shine by its reflected light. For weeks past the town, that is, the public of the corridors and the couloirs, has been all agog to know what solution Sidney Rosenfeld would find for the problem in his long-promised version, with music by Julius Lyon and Adolph Nowak. So it was a very bright, stylish and interested audience which packed Wallack's Theatre at the first production on Monday evening, filled with an earnest good will which only dereliction on the part of the authors could forfeit.

Well, the murder is out, the mountain has travelled, and if the resulting *muss* is not quite so thrilling as might be hoped, it is less the fault, perhaps, of the adapters than of the circumstances and the inherent qualities of the human soul. *Omnis ignotum pro mirabile*, says the Latin grammar. Now the mighty secret is *natura*; it seems very slightly *mirabilis*, and scarcely worth a palpitation. It was neither the lady nor the tiger; the brute had been prudently poisoned by a sly court official, himself in danger of his jaws; the daring lover finds himself in the arms of a fantastic old maid, substituted, by the much bothered king, at the last moment, for the more ferocious feline, and the princess eventually gets her spouse, while the mature maiden is inflicted on the culprit astrologer as a penalty just less terrible than the tiger.

The denouement is clever, certainly, and, in its way, droll, if a little thin. The trouble with the piece is that, like the Hell Gate explosion, it takes so long to prepare an up-beat which, once prepared, is over in a moment. A Boston cooper is said, once, to have gone West and returned furious at the canny thriftiness of the prairie temperament. He didn't mind patching up a fresh barrel from a few second-hand staves, but when he was asked to get up a new hogshead to an old bung-hole he thought it was time to come East. Mr. Rosenfeld has got up a hogshead for the Stockton bung-hole. He was busy till nearly 11 P.M., through two long acts, in staving off eventualities and enlarging on the preliminaries of a story which should be told in ten words, at least till it comes to a head.

Naturally, with all his pains, the piece drags sadly. The dialogue has a certain tepid humor, but the action—like an enlarged photograph—is thin and ragged, and even an occasional good topical song does not greatly light it up.

De Wolf Hopper makes a good Pausanias—the irascible monarch who yearns for refinement even in his punishments. He is, as usual, exuberant and noisy, but perceptibly funny, and really carries the piece on his broad shoulders, with some help from De Angelis, as the subtle humbug Menander. Cotterell is jerky and exaggerated, but clever and funny as the fantastic old maid, Polyxena, and Madeleine Lucette notably graceful in the small part of Hilaria, the guileless maiden who brings about the whole complication by telling tales off the young couple.

As for the music, perhaps the less said the better. It is set down as the joint work of Messrs. Lyon and Nowak, the former being credited with the melodic construction, the latter with the scoring and orchestral work. It is bright and singable; in places, and there are one or two pretty airs and choruses, but it largely lacks force, and real creative ingenuity. The orchestration is thin and primitive without warmth, richness, or harmonic skill of conception.

It was wretchedly sung. It is hard to imagine anything more cacophonous than Caterina Marco in the principal role of Irene, and even Oudin, hitherto known as a good artist, sang his part of Lamachus with a throaty voice and ragged method. As for the chorus of pretty girls, especially the young Athenian princesses, they literally ran to extremities, and gave to their music the feline flavor of a Thomas concert during moonlight nights on the back fence.

As some offset to this discouraging exhibit, it should be mentioned that the dressing was

peculiarly rich and good, and Gostcher's scenery simply charming. There were times when a tasteful auditor felt tempted to bid the actors hold their noise, and let him gaze in peace at the classic beauty of the lovely distance in the courtyard scene of the first act; and the arena, of the third, was ingenous and good.

On the whole, it is pleasant to have our minds at rest, once for all, on that burning question of the two doors. Apart from this, public curiosity, we fancy, will be easily and quickly satisfied.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC—THE MYSTERY OF A HANSOM CAB.

Mark Frettilley.....	Frank C. Bangs
Brian Fitzgerald.....	William Morris
Roger Moreland.....	W. S. Harkins
Kinip.....	Henry Lee
Gorbev.....	E. D. Lyons
Oliver Whyte.....	William Lee
Mr. Collestone.....	Hermann Aylring
Mr. Chasten.....	Edmund Green
Inspector o Police.....	Henry Vernon
Madge Frettilley.....	John Swinburne
Mother Gutterssipe.....	Bijou Heron
Mrs. Sampson.....	Mario Rond
Rosanna Moore.....	Mrs. Carrie Jamieson
Sal Rawlins.....	Helen Bancroft

The production at the Academy of Music of the dramatization of that popularly successful penny-dreadful, "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," partook in many respects of what is known in the theatrical vernacular as a "snap." The piece was put on in a careless haphazard fashion, and the company acted with a disregard for unity of purpose, which betrayed either bad stage-management, lack of rehearsals, or some other hindering cause. To make matters worse one of the actors did not reach the theatre until after the first act, and a portion of his part had to be read. Moreover, the house was small, and so everything connected with the event was depressing.

This melodrama has been running in London, with but fair success, at the Princess' Theatre. It was tried over in Brooklyn recently as a preliminary to the New York test. The story, which is effective in the narrative of the book, becomes transparent, trite and uninteresting when transferred to the boards. There is no mystery regarding the murder in the hansom, so far as the audience is concerned, and the conventional manner in which the innocent man is accused and the guilty one finally brought to book brought an expression of mild contempt even into the faces of the gallery boys.

The only thing that would have saved such a piece of contract carpentry as *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* was a sensation—something in the nature of a tank, a fire-engine, or a dynamite explosion. The real cab was a feeble substitute. It is too plentiful in our streets. Having no startling piece of realism to present Messrs. Law and Hume's play comes down to the level of a fifth-rate East-end melodrama, or as a recent arrival put it in the Academy corridor, a "shilling thriller." The only wonder is that such a piece could have secured introduction into our midst through such a discreet entrepreneur as A. M. Palmer.

The cast was ragged. Mr. Bangs adopted very stilted and old-fashioned methods as Mark Frettilley; Mr. Morris mimicked Mr. Mantell as Fitzgerald; Mr. Harkins was the more or less polished villain Moreland; William Lee did the drunken scamp Oliver Whyte capitally; Mr. Lyons made a hit as the typical English detective Gorbev; Mr. Lee in the effort to elaborate into prominence the small part of Kilisp overdid it and became exceedingly tedious and obtrusive.

Miss Bancroft, albeit very Western in her accent, played the dual-role of Rosanna Moore and Sal Rawlins—the one a sodden and deserted creature, the other a mild species of Nancy Sykes—with more breadth and power than we deemed her to be capable of. She received a call. Bijou Heron was intelligent and refined as Madge, and Mrs. Jamieson created considerable amusement as a volatile boarding-house keeper. The scenery was, for the most part, poor.

BROADWAY THEATRE—THE QUEEN'S MATE.

Anita.....	Camille Darville
Ines.....	Lillian Russell
Catarina.....	Rose Leighton
Guzman.....	Harry W. Emmet
Pedrillo.....	Frederic Darrell
Iago.....	Harry Paulton
Bombardos.....	W. H. Clark
Patiques.....	J. H. Kyle
Hans.....	Frederick Clinton

On Wednesday evening of last week, at the Broadway Theatre, occurred the postponed production by the Duff Opera Company of the original comic opera, adapted from the French. *The Queen's Mate*. The work is a tolerably old one, and appeared, years ago, under the title of *La Princesse des Canaries*, the music by Charles Lecocq.

What the French book may have been like it is difficult, from the arrangement of Messrs. Paulton and Tedde, to more than dimly imagine. On the principle that nice things are apt to be naughty, it probably, like most of its class, owed a large share of its fun to that *gross* of which French librettists are so lavish. It is, morally speaking, greatly to the credit of the adapters that the present version is perfectly clean, but unfortunately as dull as it is proper. Plot and dialogue are much in the case of the famous horse which was sold under the warranty that he had but two faults; that when loose in pasture he was very hard to catch, and not worth a penny when caught.

It took the weary auditor four mortal hours on Wednesday to get through the very slightly moving tale, and probably no one carried away anything but the vaguest notion what it all meant.

So much the present chronicler is in condition to state, that the action concerned two foster sisters in the Canary Islands, one of whom, as unjustly debarred from her rights to the throne of that ornithological realm, is the object of much comic intrigue between two rival generals, and precisely the unsuspected sister turns out the rightful heir. An odd feature of the story is that the two young women do not wait for curtain fall to find their mates, but enter on the action in full matrimonial standing.

The score is in Lecocq's earlier and better manner. It seems, on first hearing, to be really more refined, graceful, and musically than much of his more dashing and popular work. There is, among other good numbers, a charming air or two for the persecuted Anita, a clever comic duo between the Generals Bom bardos and Patiques, and a peculiarly spirited Picador song for the other sister, Inez. Unluckily these eight numbers float lonesome-like the oyster in a church festival stew—in the wishy-washy sea of insipid dialogue aforesaid, which at every instant recalls the legendary plaint of the thirsty governor of North Carolina.

Camille Darville, who, we are told, has been specially engaged in England for the leading soprano role, Anita, has a pleasing stage presence and an easy manner, which shows good stage training. She sings with taste and fair method, suggestive of French schooling, in a sweet but extremely light soprano, which easily gets fatigued, so that in her later scenes it is apt to fade out almost entirely. The house was evidently thick set with personal friends, and her reception was of the warmest. Lillian Russell, whose vocal compass fortunately remains at its old standard while the physical has dwindled to a normal symmetry, sang her infrequent music with all her usual skill and sweetness. Her Pica dor song was a triumph of vocal and technical skill and brilliancy.

Mr. Ryley made a good and comic Patiques, and W. H. Clark, though a heavy actor, sang his score as Bombardos with a rich, manly basso, and good method. Harry Paulton, as the hen-pecked husband of Anita, was really dry and funny, only there was perceptibly too much of him. Luckily, though droll, he was not vulgar, and he sang and acted in right manly fashion, on his legs—not on his elbow, or his right ear.

There were tasteful scenery, bright dresses and pretty girls galore, and the cadet-drill would do credit to any troop of trained canaries, insular or other. The last act, a fantasy by Henry E. Hoyt, was a superb piece of stage-setting—a gigantic architectural structure rising to the skies, with towering arches, pinnacles, gates and convoluted stairways, down which poured legions of fair warriors, glittering in silver panoply, plumes and barbaric weapons—meeting, parting, wheeling and evolving in a dazzling phantasmagoria of light, color and movement which alone is worth the trouble of a visit. The scene was uproariously applauded, and the clever artist, most fittingly, called before the curtain.

It is doubtful whether the authors can infuse much life into the book as it stands, but they can use the knife—and at the present writing we are told that it is being briskly applied. If they will cut, the public, it is safe to say, will come again.

WINDSOR THEATRE—SHAMUS O'BRIEN.

Mary O'Deashe.....	Katherine Walsh
Kate O'Reilly.....	Lorraine Haven
Widow O'Brien.....	Mrs. Frank E. Rea
Shamus O'Brien.....	Charles E. Vernon
Sir Reginald Dare.....	Hornace de Verne
Leslie McMurrrough.....	E. J. Ratcliffe
Father Malone.....	J. Winston Murray
Larry Mahoney.....	William Murphy
Phil. Mahoney.....	Mike Madden
Colonel Cleverly.....	Richard Ross
Shadwick O'Flan.....	W. B. Cabell

An Irish comedy-drama, comparatively new to the New York boards, was produced at the Windsor on Monday night. It is founded upon the story of "Shamus O'Brien." The plot, although strong, is more artistically treated than the majority of plays of this class. The action of the piece arises out of the Irish Rebellion. Shamus O'Brien, who is in love with Mary O'Donohue, is a patriot, and influential among the discontented party. As a member of a Ribbon Lodge, or, in other words, a rebel conspirator, he is outlawed by the British government, and a price is set upon his head. His bravery determines him to visit Dublin for the purpose of learning the plans of the military against the insurgents. Before leaving Galway he entrusts the papers of the secret lodge to his lover. At Dublin he manages to get into the service of Colonel Cleverly, the military commandant. By an audacious trick he obtains an important dispatch, and although discovered, manages to get away. The next scene sees him in fancied security at his mother's home and in the company of his lover. He, however, has a deadly enemy in the shape of a villain, who, while being sheltered in Mary O'Donohue's house, had seen the papers handed to her and who obtained them for sufficient time to acquaint himself with their nature. This informer betrayed Shamus to the military, who would have shot him but for Mary's appeal to the officer, who was her cousin. Shamus is taken to Dublin, tried, condemned, and is on the road to execution. When he was in Dublin the first time he had saved the Viceroy's life in a carriage accident, and had received as a reward a ring, with the promise that if he should ever be in danger the Viceroy would help him. The timely exhibition by Mary of the ring to the Viceroy, procures a pardon on the condition of exile to America. There is a slight underplot of a love story between Sir Reginald Dare and Kate O'Reilly.

Charles Erin Verner played the leading role in an admirable manner, depicting in turn the pathetic tenderness, light-hearted generosity and daring bravery of the impulsive son of Erin. His songs were well received, and he exercised over a considerable audience the charm of an electric sympathy. Repeated encores and calls before the curtain were the deserved reward of an actor who possesses naturally a large share of the elements of popularity. Katherine Walsh with much ability and was lavishly applauded. The villain of the piece, Shadwick O'Finn, was acted by W. B. Cabell with a repulsive realism that seemed to delight the audience. The method of impersonation was curiously tintured with what for concession sake may be called Jekyll-Hydeism, with its hideously unnatural crouching and gibbering. E. J. Ratcliffe played the part of Leslie McMurrrough, an English-born Irishman with Irish proclivities, to the entire satisfaction of his audience. He was called before the curtain. Louise Haven acted the soubrette part of Kate O'Reilly vivaciously. Mrs. Frank E. Rea was satisfactory as Widow O'Brien. The most artistic among the smaller parts was J. Winston Murray's Father Malone. Next week, *The Queen of the Plains*.

child part cleverly. The madrigal boys sang several glee in the first act.

The scenery was from the brush of D. B. Hughes, and was excellent throughout, the fishing-shore scene being particularly good.

Rosina Vokes and her London Comedy company gave a change of programme at Daly's on Monday night. The entertainment opens with the one-act farce *Which Is Which*. The story hinges on the tribulations of a debilitated artist. His rich uncle orders him to marry an heiress and sends her to him to have her portrait painted. She arrives at the studio accompanied by another girl, a poor relation. The artist is in doubt as to which is which, and the girls have agreed not to enlighten him, but fortunately his feelings guide him aright, and he makes love to the heiress, while believing her to be the poor relation. The uncle's advent leads to the proper explanations. Felix Morris, as the irascible uncle, gave a most artistic and pleasing performance. Isabella Irving lent the charm of her bright, pretty face, combined with considerable *chic*, to the portrayal of a chambermaid with a mania for indiscriminate dusting.

Miss Vokes' inimitable performances in *My Milliner's Bill* and *A Double Lesson*, were given with her customary drollery and pathos mingled, and were fully appreciated by the large, fashionable and cultured audience. Her humorous singing of "His Art Was True to Poll," and the imitation of a concert-hall singer, were enthusiastically encore'd. Courtney Thorpe, despite some slightly disagreeable mannerisms, was clever and entertaining, particularly so in *My Milliner's Bill*. In *A Double Lesson*, Mr. Morris as Primmer, an old Scotch butler, gave a quiet and effective impersonation—a quaint character-part, that was really a treat in these days of horse-play.

Margaret Campbell's dramatization of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, which very much resembles Sullivan's version, was produced at the Third Avenue Theatre on Monday evening before a good-sized audience. Theodore Hamilton, in the dual title role, did some clever acting, and was called before the curtain after every act. Alice Butler looked charming as Dr. Jekyll's daughter, and acted gracfully, while John Sutherland, as Utterson, the lawyer, showed careful study. William Burton and C. St. Aubyn made all that was possible out of their respective parts. Frankie Kemble in *Sybil* appears here next week.

Hoyt's Hole in the Ground opened at the Grand Opera House on Monday night to a good-sized audience. The object for which the piece was written—viz.: to excite the greatest amount of laughter with the least amount of reason—was attained. This company is headed by William F. Mack and Flora Walsh. Next week, Herrmann.

At the Casino Ermine has continued to do an excellent business. The phenomenal run will end this week, when it will be withdrawn to give place to Nadjy.—At the Lyceum Theatre *The Wife* continues its steady career of prosperity. The 200th representation will take place to-morrow (Friday). The Wife will continue until May 26.—*A Possible Case* is running to good houses at the Madison Square.—Vim entered the third week of Neil Burgess' engagement at the Standard on Monday to encourage attendance.—Frank Moran's Minstrels form the attraction of the week at Tony Pastor's. Frank Dumont, Harrington Johnson and the popular Billy Birch were cordially applauded on Monday.—*The Still Alarm* shows no sign of any abatement of its drawing powers at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. The fiftieth performance took place on Tuesday evening.—Clara Morris presented *Renee de Moray* to a large audience at Niblo's Garden on Monday.

The Amateur Stage.

AMATEURS AT THE LYCEUM.

The amateur performance given last Friday afternoon at the Lyceum Theatre, in aid of the Baby's Shelter of the Church of the Holy Communion, proved most successful. The performance began with *Ernestine*, a drama in two acts, adapted from the French by William Robertson. The cast, which was partly professional, was as follows: Count D'Avigny, George W. Nicholas; Eleonore D'Avigny, Henry Miller; Jules De Mornas, F. M. Burbeck; Valentine De Quercy, Laura Sedgwick Collins; Ernestine, Alice Lawrence; Annette, Rita Lawrence; Marguerite Vida Croly. Among the women Rita Lawrence was perhaps the best. This part, without doubt, ranks above anything the young lady has as yet attempted. Her sister Alice was graceful and, at times, effective in the leading role. Miss Collins showed to advantage in the difficult part of Valentine, and lastly Miss Croly, of the Lyceum Theatre, made a dainty little housekeeper. Among the men, Mr. Nichols was the only amateur. He did his small part with tact and good judgment. Mr. Miller and Mr. Burbeck acted the other parts. Following *Ernestine* came *Buckstone's Farce*, *The Dead Shot*, which was given with the following cast: Captain Cannon, Edward Fesser; Hector Timid, Valentine G. Hall; Mr. Wiseman, Frank C. Warren; Frederick Thornton I. Francis Conrad; Louisa, Alice Lawrence; Chatter, Rita Lawrence. This piece was given not long ago by amateurs in the Concert Hall of the Metropolitan Opera House with the same cast, except the Captain Cannon, Mr. Kershaw, having taken the role now filled by Mr. Fesser. The farce went with snap and vim, and kept the audience in continual laughter. Alice Lawrence received several encores on her taking songs, and in fact every one did well. About \$500 was realized for the Baby's Home.

The Giddy Gusher.



The saddest combination of little words ever agreed upon by the English language is found for me in the sentence, "For the last time."

I don't care if it's for the last time I stub my toe upon an out-lying rock, or bark my shins over an out-lying domestic rocker. The fact that I am doing it for the last time invests the circumstance with sorrowful sentiment.

I have grown, through much suffering, to cordially detest a human face. I have put forth every endeavor to shut its baleful influence outside the front door, with the hall-mat, and the boot-scraper, and bad weather, and the other calamities of life. And yet when the hour of parting came, and I looked at the de-
ciful eyes and cruel, selfish mouth that would never again cloud and embitter the day, the sick sense of all implied by the words, "for the last time," made the blessing of parting seem like a loss.

I have no earthly doubt but Harrigan has wedded out his company, retaining the best with which to start a much better and stronger one; but I felt very sorry to see 'em all together for the last time. Take it all round, Saturday evening was a sorry one, as the two best known troupes of players drifted apart, never again to be to each other, and to us, what they have been.

It's difficult to say which New York has reason to be proud of—Wallack's with its dignified, artistic record, or Harrigan's with its human hold on pleasant memory.

The Wallackian audience used to disperse to assemble at Harrigan's the following night. The patrician old pump who decorated a box at Wallack's on Saturday evening with the best clothes belonging to his family wardrobe, went trooping down the aisle at Harrigan's with the same display of dry goods in his wake of a Monday night.

So the same individuals mourn the end of both companies, only with a different degree of sorrow. There is another life for a reconstructed Harrigan company to live. But without the hope of a resurrection, Wallack's is dead, buried and under a monument.

What a tower of strength the theatre has come to be! What an important factor in life! The loss of a theatre is a greater calamity than the collapse of a bank or the decay of a church. If any one doubts that assertion let 'em take a look at the Herald or any daily paper for the years 1850 1860 1870 and 1886 and look at the steady growth of dramatic importance.

They will find just as much about mercantile interests, just as much concerning politics, more space and attention given to theological matters in those old papers than in those of to-day. But merely a stickfull pertaining to theatrical matters where now there are columns. It's the one topic that has grown with the size of the journals. The doings of theatrical people, their lives, their habits and their peculiarities are unending topics of interest. They have come to live in an electric light, and for that reason should be more careful of their conduct than the preachers and their families.

Why under heaven an actress wants to get married—unless it is to get a divorce—I can't see. She is a self-supporting institution. Nine times out of ten the man she marries is the one benefited by the union, and why, with the full knowledge that the marriage contract expires like any other theatrical paper, and must entail lots of bother if it dies a natural death or is shortened by artificial means, she should desire that most undesirable article—a marriage certificate—is beyond me.

In England and America, where there has been one happy, successful, artistic union, there have been five thousand miserable separations. And if the marriage bond has endured to the end—endure is the word for it—either Mr. Husband has posed for sympathy or disgust, or Mrs. Wife has put in a record of neglect and sacrifice that would make a tombstone appear to be a livelier article to me than the family bolster.

There are several young people on the stage at the present time contemplating matrimony. If they were not clever, and were going to marry and close their public careers, I should wish 'em well and think it was none of my business. But when I hear dear little Lucy Powderpuff is going to marry young Greasepaint, both in the Lights and Liver company, No. 7, I can call the turn oftener than out of the silver box.

Lucy, go ask old Tiewig how many times he's been married. Question Mrs. Frump, in the company, about her matrimonial engagements. Even tackle the sweet leading lady as to the usual duration of the connubial contract. Just learn if the season is for forty-eight weeks or less and by all means take the

emotional actor one side and hear what he has to say of the laws of divorce, and which State he considers the best to apply for one in.

He can tell you to an immoral certainty, I've got so I don't dare ask Mrs. Calcium how old Calcium is when she comes in off the road after a long engagement. It's more than likely she'd say, "Oh, the wretch. He stopped off at Leavenworth, Kansas, and I was married at St. Joe to Johnny Jumpup, the English comedian, who joined us after we left New York."

Then, if you have the nerve, you inquire tenderly about Mr. Jumpup and learn that he went to Australia while they were in San Francisco, but, thank Heaven! she met her fate at Easter when the heavy man was replaced by dear Reginald, and she gives you her card, on which you read, "Mrs. Reginald de Green," and you remember that you have enjoyed the acquaintance of three Mrs. Reginald de Greens, and so congratulate her on the temporary possession of a man so much in demand—a demand much in excess of the supply you think, as you look at him in Howe and Hummel's office a month later getting a price list of Fall divorce suits.

No, dear female women of the stage, don't marry till you are through with the drama and can give your minds to the very serious business of cultivating longevity in marriage certificates.

Seems to me raising parrots in this country isn't any more difficult. Ornithologists settled that question years ago. But I had great hopes once.

Do you know what a bolivar is? Country children buy 'em for a penny apiece. They are balls of pink and white candy that transform the faces of infant citizens into the infatuated countenances you see in the cherubs of the old masters attached to trumpets in the clouds. There is only one way to reduce a bolivar, that is to suck it. I have tried smashing 'em in door jambs, and between paving stones, always unsuccessfully.

I must have been six years old when I bent my energy one morning on the reduction of a bolivar, and found it was too much for one encounter. I deposited the sticky sphere on a table for further efforts and engaged in play. The family parrot on a tour of investigation came upon the bolivar. Polly didn't like sweets, so after toying with it a minute she concluded to pass it by, and calmly stepped over it, being too lazy to go round. Just as she straddled her clumsy old leg across the sticky thing her feathers encircled it and clung to it like a small boy to his first base-ball.

The bolivar was so large it fairly raised the old girl off her feet, and on her tip toes she waddled to her cage in an agony of excitement. It was just where she couldn't reach it if she stood on her head.

For half an hour, perhaps, no bird ever had a wilder time. She plucked out her tail feathers in a frantic effort to take a rear view of the awful thing she had alighted upon, and from which she couldn't escape. All this I didn't know at the time, but I came on Poll in the afternoon, all but exhausted, swearing in a hoarse voice in the corner of her cage.

She couldn't stand on a perch with this thing under her, so she squatted on it on the bottom.

"Polly," said I, "Pretty Poll."

"Oh, Hell!" replied the sufferer.

"What's the matter?"

My feathered friend was no saint, but her remarks were so fervently lurid I became alarmed, and began an investigation. It wasn't many minutes before I discovered the bolivar. I had sucked it bald-headed before Poll annexed it. The daub of red paint with which bolivars are artistically decorated had disappeared. Just a sphere of white sugar muddled by pink protruded from the green feathers between Poll's legs.

Howling with delight, I rushed to my father to tell him Poll had laid an egg. He was sitting on it, and the phenomena of a parrot born in this country was a boon vouchsafed to the Gusher family alone.

Eighteen people stood round the supposed happy mother and admired the work of nature. A beautiful nest was constructed, and fastened securely in a dark box. Preparations were made to remove her, when the spectacle of Poll climbing the side of the cage and taking her egg with her shook the faith of the beholder. Some one put on a pair of driving gloves, got a basin of warm water, and held the sufferer down in it swearing like mad till the green feathers were soaked free of the bolivar.

It was a great disappointment to me and I gave up raising parrots.

What a lovely thing it is to possess a beautiful voice. I am not led to this remark by any connection with the above subject, but from suddenly coming upon tickets for a concert last Saturday that I was unable to attend—the ballad concert of Julie de Ruyther. If any one before the public can sing an English ballad for all it's worth, lend a deeper meaning to its sentiment, a new strength and force to the tenderness, love or passion the lines convey, and the sweetness of an angel's voice to the music, it's Julie de Ruyther.

Since an idol of mine was laid away, and the world mourned Parepa Rosa, I have never heard any one sing a simple ballad with the delightful effect that Madame De Ruyther does. She's a joy to me, and though I missed her concert I know she'll come some day and sing the old songs for me alone.

I believe she intends to go to London next season, and there she will make a sensation. London is desperately fond of English ballads. Antonelli Sterling, Madame Patti, Miss Gwynn, and a host of singers are adored there. But De Ruyther can hold her own in "The Garden of Roses," "Robin Adair," and oh, how she does sing "John Anderson, My Jo-John."

Then, if you have the nerve, you inquire tenderly about Mr. Jumpup and learn that he went to Australia while they were in San Francisco, but, thank Heaven! she met her fate at Easter when the heavy man was replaced by dear Reginald, and she gives you her card, on which you read, "Mrs. Reginald de Green," and you remember that you have enjoyed the acquaintance of three Mrs. Reginald de Greens, and so congratulate her on the temporary possession of a man so much in demand—a demand much in excess of the supply you think, as you look at him in Howe and Hummel's office a month later getting a price list of Fall divorce suits.

Then, if you have the nerve, you inquire

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PROVINCIAL.

BOSTON.

No change of bill this week at the Boston, Hollis Street and Park. At the former Josh Whitecomb is drawing excellent houses; the popularity of the Henrietta at the Hollis Street is unabated, and Partners, at the Park, fills the house nightly.

Richard Mansfield opened a three weeks' engagement Monday evening at the Music Hall in Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, with Annie Clark as Rebecca Moor, and Miss Evesson as Agnes Carew. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity, as it probably will be during the entire engagement. The same bill runs through the week. Next week is evenly divided between Prince Karl and A Parisian Romance. The closing work, A Parisian Romance and Monks.

Monroe and Rice's My Aunt Bridget co. is at the Howard the present week.

D. A. Kelley, with the Front Street Theatre co., from Boston, is at the Windsor with two blood-curdling dramas, for one week.

Howard's Miss Zaza is billed at the Grand Opera House for next week. Following comes a brief season of the Wilbur Opera co.—Dan Sully's Daddy Nolan co., whose appearance at the Howard Athenaeum was blocked by the blizzard, comes to that house next week.—Manager William Harris, of the Howard, sails through Europe in the "Powers" next week, sailing through Europe in search of novelties. The Howard opens in Falmouth at the Boston Theatre May 1st, the first performance being for the benefit of the popular business manager, Harry McGivern. After them comes a week of that popular melodrama, The World—Isabelle Evesson, who, for the past two years, has been leading juvenile lady in the Museum, is to occupy the same position in the new Bell's (see page V.)—and, on May 14th, Goldfarb is at the Hollis Street.

Charles J. Rich, assistant manager of the Hollis Street, and one of the most courteous and popular men in the profession, is booked for a benefit on the 1st, and that fact alone will ensure a crowded house. One of the most notable

concerts of the season will be for the benefit of Theodore Beale, leader of the Globe Orchestra.

Soddy's, a new full orchestra, with a large array of special talent, will assist in the entertainment.—Chas. Morris, of the Museum, has been for some days unusually ill, and was unable to appear on the occasion of Miss Jane's farewell performance at Saturday night. His part was assumed for the evening by George D. Chaplin.—Frank N. Scott, who for years has been prominent in the dramatic and musical professions, takes a benefit at the Grand Opera House on the evening of 1st. It takes the form of a concert, and the programme is exceptionally attractive.—Fra Diavolo was produced Tuesday evening at Union Hall with Christine Brownell known as a leading soprano in English Opera as Zerlina. The cast included Arthur Wilkinson, Revay Cooper, Alice Carl and others. Two Wagner concerts, next Friday and Saturday evenings, close the symphony season in Boston.

PHILADELPHIA.

Business all around during the past week was unusually good.

At the Chestnut Street Opera House Lotta appeared in Faust, and was well received. The play seemed to be fairly good, and so much better than some of her recent productions that it was not surprising to find an increase in attendance. Lotta proved as ever, talismanic as ever, and was well supported, especially good work having been done by Phillip Anderson, Jr. This week Dolores; Mystery of a Hansom Cab 12.

The Casino co., at the Chestnut Street Theatre, continued to succeed. The Marquis to good houses, and concluded the fourth week last of its engagement. The Comic follows for a run.

Lack of time last week prevented me from doing full justice to W. H. Powers' new play, The Fairy's Well, which had its initial production at the Walnut Street Theatre. It is probably the best play that the author, Con T. Murphy, has yet written. It is an Irish melo-drama of the romantic school, but it is in many respects a modern drama. The plot is simple, but the situation which clusters about All-Hallows'-Eve, and a suggestion about seeing a lover's face in the Fairy's Well. The play is full of tender feeling, and deals mostly with the bright side of Irish life. The treatment of the subject is marked by originality, and shows wide departures from conventional lines. The villainy is of a much subtler type than usual, and there is a refreshing quaintness about the person of the teacher. The play altogether is more overdone than the average drama, but it is beautifully staged and well acted. Some of the settings are of more than ordinary beauty. One set in particular is deserving of mention. A beautiful, sunlit rural scene, with cottage and orchard, is suddenly transformed into a wild wood, with a cool, dark-shaded pool and a cascade of sparkling water. The musical numbers with which the play is embellished are quite pretty, and in all respects the play is worthy of high consideration.

At the Walnut this week there will be another initial production. Louis Paulin will present her new play, Our Baby's Nurse, which will remain here for two weeks.

Hoyt's fresh comedy, A Hole in the Ground, did well at the Arch Street Theatre. This week Marie Prescott comes in repertory. Mrs. John Drew in The School for Scandal 14.

At the Academy of Music two performances were given of Verdi's Othello by the Campanile Opera co. The attendance was very large, and the audiences enthusiastic. It achieved a popular success, but did not impress me as a thoroughly meritorious work. It is indeed a much after-theatre form to tell my taste, but it is probably in this, that it lives to tell its tale. Manager Rainforth staged both operas handsomely. The Grand has closed its regular season, a melody in most of its numbers, but old habit, I suppose, proved too strong, and occasionally some delicious melody charms the scene. Several of the choruses are in this respect without fault. The work contains several numbers which are entitled to the highest praise. Campanile's was in voice, and was a most excellent performance of the title role. Signora Tetrazzini made a very favorable impression, and was in many respects as ideal Desdemona. Unfortunately Signora Scalchi had a role which, much to our regret, gave her no opportunity. Signor Galassi, although lacking somewhat of the dignity of Iago, gave in other respects a performance which was really good. The week ended with a frequently merited performance. Othello is undoubtedly an artistic creation, but exhibits many shortcomings. It dazzles and captivates the senses, but leaves few lasting impressions.

At the National Theatre the exceedingly sensational drama, A Checked Life, found many admirers. This week The Queen of the Bazaar; The Boy Tramp 14.

Lily Ciano and fairies open at the South Broad Street Theatre. The house closed 4 sessions 5.

At Forough's Theatre the Stranglers of Paris played to satisfactory business. This week, J. H. Gilmore in A Gambler's Crime.

Theodore Hamilton produced at the Continental a dramatization of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde by Margaret Campbell. He gave a good performance of the dual roles but played light humor. The co. is Edwin F. Mayo in Davy Crockett; One of the Finest 14.

Kiralfy's Mazur played to excellent business at the Grand Opera House. The business steadily increased all the week, and culminated by crowding the house in every part. This week the Summer season begins with the production of The Queen's Lace Handkerchief by the Gran Comic Opera company.

Away from the stage Irish Hearts met with a cordial reception and secured good business. This week The Silver King; the Kimball Comedy co. in Mammie 14.

Carcross' Opera House continued to draw with the same attractions as last mentioned, and closed a successful season, 5. Keller, the magician, appears this week.

The Academy of Music will open its Summer season of light opera last week under very favorable auspices. Nanou proved such a drawing-card that it was continued this week. Next, Queen's Lace Handkerchief.

At Forough's Museum Lizzie May Ulmer in Dad's Girl has large houses at every performance. Mam'selle this week, after which the houses closes for the season.

The Mutual Theatre did a pretty good week's business with Son of Eve, and was dissatisfied. Foreman-Morton comb. this week. Parsons' 14.

The Lyceum Theatre opened Monday night to a packed house, Boccaccio being the attraction. La Perichole 14.

Items: Bob Slavin had a benefit at Ford's 9.—Stuart

Robson sent \$10 for a seat at the benefit given in aid of the Confederate Soldiers' Home at Pikesville, Md., at Ford's Opera House last week.—The French Opera co. disbanded at the close of their engagement here, and the chorus singers were given a benefit to raise the wherewithal to defray the expenses needed to get them home. The famous Quartette now under Kimball's Mam'selle co., are all Baltimore boys, and were given a rousing welcome by their many friends.—Jennie Winston has blossomed but as a poetess. She had an effusion in last Sunday's American, descanting on the beauty and grandeur of the scenery in the far West, where the fair Jennie has been sojourning for the last two years.—Fannie Rice has made a big hit with the Carlton Opera co. at the Academy.

SAN FRANCISCO.

May 1. I scarcely know how to review the work done at the theatres last week. Only two were open—the Alcazar and Bush. At the former, The Standard was well received, and the Boxed Lunch kept the business well up with The Women-Hater.

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Monroe and Rice's My Aunt Bridget co. is at the Howard the present week.

D. A. Kelley, with the Front Street Theatre co., from Boston, is at the Windsor with two blood-curdling dramas, for one week.

Howard's Miss Zaza is billed at the Grand Opera House for next week. Following comes a brief

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Charles J. Rich, assistant manager of the Hollis Street, and one of the most courteous and popular men in the profession, is booked for a benefit on the 1st, and that fact alone will ensure a crowded house. One of the most notable

concerts of the season will be for the benefit of Theodore Beale, leader of the Globe Orchestra.

Soddy's, a new full orchestra, with a large array of special talent, will assist in the entertainment.—Chas. Morris, of the Museum, has been for some days unusually ill, and was unable to appear on the occasion of Miss Jane's farewell performance at Saturday night. His part was assumed for the evening by George D. Chaplin.—Frank N. Scott, who for years has been prominent in the dramatic and musical professions, takes a benefit at the Grand Opera House on the evening of 1st. It takes the form of a concert, and the programme is exceptionally attractive.—Fra Diavolo was produced Tuesday evening at Union Hall with Christine Brownell known as a leading soprano in English Opera as Zerlina. The cast included Arthur Wilkinson, Revay Cooper, Alice Carl and others. Two Wagner concerts, next Friday and Saturday evenings, close the symphony season in Boston.

Reilly and Woods' variety party opened at the Bush last night.

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THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

5

White: Inn, Laura Foster; Ogle, Cora Stanich; Amelia, Amelia Euler; Charlotte, May Linck.

CRAWFORDSBURG.

Music Hall (Lucie Davis, manager): Zoso, s., to a good audience, which was well pleased with the novelty; Helen Elythe, 4, in *Only a Woman's Heart*, and although suffering from indisposition gave an excellent performance to a fair and appreciative audience.

Item: Robert Downing canceled for 7, but will give us a date later on.

LOGANSPORT.

Opera House (William Dolan, manager): McClintic and Heath's Minstrels to small house, April 25; indifferent performance. Willis Sweatnam joined the troupe at Chicago, s.

TERRE HAUTE.

Opera House (Wilson Naylor, manager): Kirke and Clark's Tourists in a P. P. C. co. closed their season here s., playing to medium business. The McElroy Family presented their unique musical entertainment 3-5; fair houses.

SOUTH BEND.

The only attraction during the week was the Cadet Band fair at the Town Hall. Margaret Mather in *As You Like It* 8. The advance sale is nearly \$300. Maude Banks in *Her Evil Genius* 16.

FITCHBURG.

Whitney's Opera House (J. W. Ordyn, manager): The event of the season was the appearance of Rice and Dixey's Big Burlesque co. 3. Large house at advanced prices. During the second act Mr. Dixey was presented with a handsome floral piece by members of Alippo Temple, of the Mystic Shrine.

Items: Alips in London co. closes season at Fall River 19.—Dan Sully closes at Halifax week of June 11.

HAVERHILL.

Academy of Music (James F. West, manager): H. J. Johnson's Fantasma co. April 20-May 1 to good houses. Laura Burt's specialties took well. The piece has been greatly improved since last year. Harvard Glee Club to the elite of the city. Check 44, 4; Mme. Januschek 17; Lilly Clay co. 19.

ROCKTON.

City Theatre (W. W. Cross, manager): Dan Sully and Daddy Nolan pleased a fair-sized audience. Frank Mayo played a return date, presenting Davy Crockett to light house s. Check 44, 12; Alone in London 14; A Brass Monkey 16; Atomics 19.

WALTHAM.

Music Hall (A. D. Bradstreet, manager): Mrs. Carter's Circus 4 played to packed house of the season April 20. Dan Sully, s., gave up his tour in Irish comedy with Daddy Nolan. His co. is first-class and the piece staged handsomely. Abbey's U. T. C. co. gave two performances 4 to rather light business. Alone in London 12; Maggie Mitchell 16.

NORTHAMPTON.

Opera House (William H. Todd, manager): Kate Mantell's Calamity Jane in Queen of the Plains, supported by a good co., to a very small house 1. The specialty was the song and a dance, to no distinct business. Performance given by V. J. Scanlan 12.

GRAND HAVEN.

Opera House (C. K. Ealer, manager): Grier's Bad Boy played to a slim house s. Scanlan 16.

HAY CITY.

Grand Opera House (Clay, Buckley and Powers, managers): The only attraction this week was Booth and Barrett, 4, in Julius Caesar. Too much praise cannot be said of the entire performance. It was the most important event in the theatrical annals of this city.

City: The Drummer-Boy, by local talent, 3-5; good business.

Items: Streets of New York close at Reading, Pa., 12.—Kate Purcell shows at Pittsburg 16.—J. W. Ransome is to star next season under the management of John Springer.—Harry Crandall, of Bad Boy fame, is to star next season in Joseph Murphy's play of Help.

NORTH ADAMS.

Wilson's Hall (F. P. Swift, proprietor): Verona Jarreau and co. of comedians, including Will Rising and others of equally good reputation, presented Starlight 4-5 to good house. Jarreau's topical song, "It's Enough, Don't You Think?" captivated the audience. Irie Brown's Benefit (local) 11; Muldoon's Picnic 14; Kit Chanfrau 21.

SALEM.

Mechanics' Hall (Andrews, Moulton and Johnson, managers): Cora Tanner in Alone in London April 30; big house. Two Old Cronies 1; fair house. Margaret Mather in *As You Like It*; 3; good house. Dan Sully and Charles Mason as Laurent being especially praiseworthy. T. J. Barron in Soap Bubble 8.

Grand Opera (E. H. MacCoy, manager): Andrews' Opera co. in Mascotte and Mikado 6-8. The performances were very good, but the pieces have been seen so often that we have lost our interest in them with a public. Mr. MacCoy has not yet seemed to realize that next to having a good story the best thing he can do to draw crowds is to advertise in the papers. A few well written lines of choice reading matter will draw a good many dollars to a theatre out in this woolly country, where even the critics are so poorly informed or so peculiarly impressionable, that one of them gravely announces that the character of Laurent in *Mascotte* is worth the price of admission.

Items: The Mississ. for ten cents, and thus fertilize his intellect, the public exhibition of such newspaper ability makes the heart bleed—it really does.

ARKANSAS CITY.

Highland Opera House (Anderson and Arrott, managers): The Rajah 2, to fair business. Co. excellent. They deserved more than they got.

LEAVENWORTH.

Crawford's Opera House (L. M. Crawford, manager): Robert Mantell presented Monsars and a complimentary benefit to Charles Elliott, the local manager, 3, which drew one of the largest houses of the season. Tickets were sold in advance, and many who could not secure seats were forced to forego the pleasure of seeing the talented actor and the well-balanced support.

WINFIELD.

Winfeld Grand (T. B. Myers, local manager): The Rajah to a small house. The performance was very creditable.

GARDEN CITY.

Stevens Opera House (William B. Burgess, manager): The Rajah 2, to fair business. Play and company gave entire satisfaction. Margaret Mather 11; Cora Tanner 15.

CHELSEA.

Academy of Music (James B. Field, manager): Two Old Cronies was played before a fair but delighted house April 30. Frank Wells and John Henshaw, leading actors of the co., kept the house in a roar the whole evening; supporting co. good. Cora Tanner made her debut in a mimetic mod. Her co. is a mixture of old and new. They are old-time favorites in St. Paul, and despite the extreme bad weather, drew good houses. Next to Neil Burgess' *Vin*, this is probably the best skit on the road.

Olympia Theatre (Edwin P. Hilton, manager): The Wallace Sims and Burleigh co. presented Pocahontas and Nan the Good for Nothing week of April 30.

Items: The Frances Labadie Nobody's Child co. closed season at Bowling Green, Ohio, 5. Mr. and Mrs. Labadie are here—They remain at home for three weeks, when they again resume work. In the interval a benefit will be tendered Mrs. L. (Hattie Rowell), when Pygmalion and Galatea will be presented, with the lady and her husband in the title roles, assisted by local talent.

MINNESOTA.

ST. PAUL. **Grand Opera House** (G. L. Scott, manager): The Sparks co. in *Bunch of Keys* April 30-May 2, drawing good houses. Marietta Nash is a bright, clever soubrette, and plays the role of Teddy Keys nicely. George Knight was very droll, and kept the house in a mirthful mood. The co. is a mixture of old and new. They are old-time favorites in St. Paul, and despite the extreme bad weather, drew good houses. Next to Neil Burgess' *Vin*, this is probably the best skit on the road.

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Music Hall (A. L. White, proprietor): Frank Mayo in *Nardino* 4 to fair-sized audience. Play and company gave entire satisfaction. Margaret Mather 11; Cora Tanner 15.

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NEW BEDFORD.

Opera House (John P. Moulton, manager): Nothing but local talent last week. The Hansons opened this week suspiciously Monday and Tuesday, and gave a fine performance of *Le Voyage en Suise*.

People's Theatre (William H. White, manager): Edmund Collier's *U. T. C.* co. in historical play did a wretched business all last week. On Tuesday the Knights of Pythias, to the number of about thirty, attended the production of Damon and Pythias. Muggs' Landing 12-14.

Item: The N. B. Lodge of Elks have secured Dixey and co. for their benefit at the Opera House June 1. The house has been donated, and the co. will only receive hotel and railroad expenses.

LOWELL.

Music Hall (F. V. Partridge, proprietor): Frank Mayo in *Nardino* 4 to a top-heavy house. Dan Sully in *Daddy Nolan* 3, to light business. Margaret Mather in *As You Like It*; 3; good house. Dan Sully and Charles Mason as Laurent being especially praiseworthy. T. J. Barron in Soap Bubble 8.

KENTUCKY.

PADUCAH. **Morton's Opera House** (John Quigley, manager): No attractions this week, having closed regular season April 14.

Items: Richard's Crescent City Circus came 30-May 1 to big business. Andrews' Circus will be with us 13-17.

MAINE.

PORLTAND. **Theatre**: The persnickety Maggie Mitchell produced her new play, Ray, 4, with most flattering results, and Fanchon was given 5, both to big houses. William L. Kenyon, her manager, is a pleasant gentleman for correspondents to meet.

BATH.

Alameda Opera House (T. H. Clark, manager): Fredrick Bryton in *Forgiven* 3, return date; fair business.

Items: Manager John Stetson was in town last week, to attend the launching of his steam yacht Sapphire—Miss Dunstan, of this town, is painting the portrait of Maud Harrison, of the Madison Square Theatre co.

MASSACHUSETTS.

SPRINGFIELD. **Gilmores' Opera House** (W. C. Le Noir, manager): Dixey in Adonis came 1 to large house, but did not meet with as hearty a reception as upon his former visit. With the exception of Bryant's *Vaseline*, Amelia Summerville's *Isabel* is the most popular attraction for a long time. Her pacific characterism quite overshadows everybody else in the co. Hurbin's Hippocragion, the most interesting exhibition of horse and dog cult we have had of late, did a rather poor business 2-3. Straight minstrelsy, the best show of the season without doubt, was given by the Gormans upon their return 4 to a medium but highly-pleased audience.

Flaky Flinders: Comedian Jay Hust is reported to have signed a three years' contract with Manager John S. Monton's co., which begins a tour of forty weeks.

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ATLLEBORO.

Opera House (Frank A. Owen, manager): Maggie Mitchell to good business in Ray April 30 and Fanchon May 1.

HOLYOKE.

Opera House (Chase Brothers, managers): Two Old Cronies, with Wills, Henshaw and Ten Broeck as the leading fun-makers, delighted a small audience 27. The Wilbur Opera co., which is unmistakably the strongest co. playing comic opera at popular prices, drew fair houses April 30-May 3. Susie Kirwin is a hard worker and a true artist, and her success is mainly owing to her many friends. J. C. Conly, one of the few real tenors of the stage, is giving a well-earned reputation, and his singing was at all times thoroughly enjoyable. W. H. Kohole and J. Clarence Duffy are capital comedians and E. A. Clark an excellent basso profundo. The chorus, which is led by Belle Hamilton, is large and well-trained and the costuming is excellent. Dixey Davidson 12; Two Old Cronies 14; Nat Goodwin 16; Lilly Clay Blonds 18.

AMESBURY.

New Opera House (C. W. Currier, manager): George C. Boniface in *Streets of New York* to a fair house April 30. Dixey 1 to a good audience 5. Metoyer Vaughn 14; Frederick Bryton 15; C. E. Verney 25; Goodman 28.

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GRAND RAPIDS.

Powers' Open House (Fred G. Berger, manager): The only engagement of the past week has been that of Booth and Barrett who appeared in *Othello* 3 before an immense audience. The receipts were exactly \$3,385.

turns. —Charlie Carroll, of Springfield, formerly with the B. and M. co., was in town several days past week.

—Little Belle Fox, of the Commercial House, made quite a hit with the Wilbur people, for whom she sang Dixey's "English, You Know," between the acts at the matinee 5.—It is not at all probable that the Gailey Opera co. will go out again.

LAURENCE.

Opera House (J. E. Grant, manager): Margaret Martin's "Alice" is a success. —Frederick Fauding, Minnie Levick and the strong co. have good support.

Benedict's Monte Cristo, 2, to very poor house. Nothing could have been worse. Cora Tanner in Alone in London 4-5 to good business. Miss Tanner is a very beautiful woman and an excellent actress. Co. fine.

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HARRISON GREY FISKE,
EDITOR AND SOLE PROPRIETOR.

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MIRROR LETTER-LIST.

The following letters will be delivered or forwarded on personal or written application. Letters advertised for 30 days and uncancelled for will be returned to the post-office. Circulars and newspapers excluded from this list:

Abell, B.
Andrews, C. L.
Alexander, W. B.
Abel, Florida
Anderson, W. C. (3)
Anderson, W. C. (4)
Anderson, W. C. (5)
Anderson, W. C. (6)
Anderson, W. C. (7)
Anderson, W. C. (8)
Anderson, W. C. (9)
Anderson, W. C. (10)
Anderson, W. C. (11)
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THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

The Usher.



Mend him, who can! The ladies call him, "sweet."

Love's LABOR'S LOST.

John Gilbert's "nearness" has formed a subject of theatrical small-talk for over half a century. It has taken many a queer turn, but none queerer than the other day in connection with a little occurrence at Wallack's. Mr. Gilbert sent word to the theatre at three o'clock one afternoon that he was too ill to play Sir Peter Teazle that night. Harry Edwards was obliged to take the absentee's place. Mr. Edwards hadn't played the part for four years; there was no time for a rehearsal, and so he had to makeshift as he could. Next morning one of the dailies gave Mr. Edwards a very favorable notice on his performance. This evidently upset the invalided Mr. Gilbert still more, for he sent a message early in the day to the theatre to have his Sir Peter clothes and wig and other belongings gathered together and put in a safe place, where Mr. Edwards couldn't get at them. The latter, considering the circumstances of the case, felt naturally annoyed at his colleague's petty meanness, and even yet he cannot recur to the matter without considerable choler.

* * *

There seems to be a good deal of uncertainty among the members of Mr. Mansfield's company as to whether they are to bearded the British lion in his Lyceum lair this Summer, along with their principal, or not. Four or five members of the party, when separately asked if they accompanied the star abroad, replied, evasively, "I expect to." Miss Vernon is not among those in a state of doubt; however. She declined to make the trip because Mr. Mansfield wished her to open in the second old woman character of Mrs. Lanyon in Jekyll and Hyde. When she suggested that the part of Rebecca was more in her line and would be agreeable, Mr. Mansfield shrewdly replied, "Oh, no; you don't want to play Rebecca. She's acted just sufficiently well now." There is a rare compliment to Miss Vernon concealed in that remark.

* * *

Many conflicting stories have been published concerning Adelaide Neilson's origin, and all of them on investigation have failed to hold together. The fair actress herself was averse to speaking on this subject, and when she did it was usually to give play to her imagination. While sitting at my desk the other day I was told the true version by a ruddy-faced, hearty Englishman, who knew Neilson from the time of her birth. To supply a missing fragment of theatrical history, I give the short narrative in my visitor's own words:

"Her name was not Neilson. She was born about eight miles from where my boyhood was spent. Her mother was a handsome woman; her father—well, the child was love-begot, but the father was generally believed to be a Spaniard of good family. A roving Gypsy professed to be the child's parent; he married her mother, anyway. On Lily's becoming a famous actress he and the old lady, too, I believe, were heavy pensioners on her generous bounty. When the girl grew to be ten years old she was sent out as a factory-girl in an establishment between Leeds and Rawdon. Her pay was three-and-sixpence a week. But she made very little progress. While she was throwing the shuttle over the cloth-weaving loom her mind was otherwise occupied. The proprietor of the factory was finally obliged to dispense with her services, because she insisted on spouting Shakespeare and causing the other hands to neglect their work. There have been many accounts of Neilson's childhood, but this is the true one. I knew her personally, and can vouch for the circumstances I have stated."

* * *

Consolation-Money for Playwrights.
The Stage Fever Again.

"It's a very good thing for playwrights," said a gentleman in the profession, "that we seem to be posted, to a MIRROR reporter, 'that they have become sensible enough to realize the fact that the plans laid by stars and managers are of such a nature that they more often 'gang aglee' than according to the rules laid down for them. An author who considers his work at all worthy of production does not surrender it before he has been paid a certain amount of forfeit-money, as a guarantee that his work will be produced by a certain time. Again, in other cases, where stars or managers order certain work to be done, the authors do not begin it before collateral to a certain amount is placed before them. Those precautions have acted particularly well this year in the case of George H. Jessop. Three plays of Mr. Jessop should have been produced this year. Nat Goodwin accepted the comedy from him entitled *A Gold Mine*, in which John T. Raymond made an appearance. As forfeit-money Mr. Goodwin paid a sum which was to be received as royalties for the first fifteen weeks or so. He did not produce the piece, but when he does at the Fifth Avenue Theatre next season the royalties will have to be paid from the very first week, the other money being forfeited. In conjunction with Brander Matthews, Mr. Jessop wrote *Next Door Neighbors*, a three-act comedy, which depicts a modern Romeo and Juliet case in a flat, with the Capulets living on one side of the hall and the Montagues on the other. This was accepted by Daniel Frchman at the Lyceum Theatre, and was to have been produced this season. As you know, it was not, on account of the run of *The Wife*; and so Messrs. Matthews and Jessop both pocketed forfeit-money. The last case I know little about, but the two first goes to show how the system protects the writer.

"Ideas of a piece were given by Mrs. Langtry to Mr. Jessop and Horace P. Townsend for the construction of an historical drama. Of course forfeit-money was paid. Since Charles Coghlan joined Mrs. Langtry's company I hear that that lady's ardor in regard to the play has cooled somewhat. Jocelyn, in which she was to appear, has been taken by Rose Coghlan, but Mr. Coghlan has other plays. So in case Mrs. Langtry does change her mind regarding the play which the dramatist has been at work upon since the opening of the season there will be no ill-feeling for they have been in a measure compensated."

The Latest Charge of Plagiarism.

A few years ago a play called *Bigamy*, by Fannie Ayman Mathews was produced at the Standard Theatre. Miss Mathews afterward wrote several pieces, but a good deal of her time has latterly been occupied in preparing bright society comediettes for publication in the magazines and in completing a novel that is now in press. Among the plays to whose authorship the lady devoted herself was one entitled *Washington Life*. The history of this piece may be related in Miss Mathews' own words: "Washington Life was completed and copyrighted in January, 1883. During the following Winter the MS. was submitted to the Madison Square Theatre, when it was read by H. C. De Mille and said by him to have also been read by David Belasco. The piece was rewritten to suit Marshall and Dr. Mallory. The price was named at \$3,000 and Frank C. Bangs mentioned for the part of Senator Churchill. Then it was read by myself to Mr. De Mille, who declined it.

"In November, 1886, I submitted the play at the Lyceum. It was returned in the January following. The play was asked for by the Lyceum management in April, 1887, and was left there all last Summer."

"When *The Wife* was produced I was informed by my friends that that play would never have been written had the author or authors not read *Washington Life*. But I had such implicit confidence in the integrity of Mr. Frohman that I—feeling ill and over-worked, and also being out-of-town—I did not go to see *The Wife* but wrote to Mr. Frohman concerning the rumors which had reached me. His reply said: 'The Wife in no way interferes with or suggests your excellent play. Will consider the play as soon as possible.'

"I felt reassured and remained quiet. In March last I wrote inquiring after the prospects of my piece. In return I received a letter asking if I would consent to a matinee performance 'if the way could be seen to same.' My response was, 'Yes.' On the 9th of March I received another letter asking me to lend the original MS. of the play, as the type written copy had been mislaid. I sent it forthwith.

"My friends continued to insist that The Wife strongly resembled my play, and at their urging I determined to go and see it. I did so on March 24. My conclusions were various and many; I did not express them then. My fault had been in relying on the assurances of the management, and in not going to investigate on my own account when *The Wife* first appeared.

"Subsequently, another letter was sent me by Mr. Frohman which stated that nothing could be done with *Washington Life*, and advising my seeking some other field for placing it. I have this to say: The management who put on my *Washington Life* as the successor to *The Wife* would invite the charge of plagiarism against the author of the former. As the case stands I wish redress if there is any to be had, and literary justice if there should be nothing legally actionable. I believe firmly that had not Mr. De Mille read *Washington Life* *The Wife* as it stands would never have been written. I also believe that the appropriation has been made cleverly and skilfully."

"Miss Mathews instructed the management of the Lyceum to send the copy of her play to THE MIRROR office a short time ago. An examination of it revealed many points of similarity with *The Wife*. A scene in the latter part of the fourth act between Senator Churchill and Gordon Stuart is almost identical in spirit and treatment with the scene between Senator Rutherford and Robert Grey in Act Three of *The Wife*, in both of which the lover tells the husband of his passion for the latter's wife. The MS. is now in the hands of a prominent lawyer downtown, and it is more than likely suit for damages will shortly be instituted by Miss Mathews.

* * *

Preparing a Substantial Good-Bye.
The demand for seats for the Wallack testimonial performance of Hamlet at the Metropolitan Opera House has been so great that the managers have been forced to advertise the fact that there were no seats left for sale except in the top-gallery. On Tuesday afternoon the auction sale of boxes for the premium on the up-sets price of \$60 took place at the Madison Square: John H. Draper, the humorous gentleman who has presided over so many events of this kind, was the auctioneer, while Manager Palmer occupied a seat on the stage. Quite a large number of professional and society people were in the audience. The usual diagram was prominently displayed.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began Mr. Draper, as he stepped on the stage, "I now have the honor to offer to you the boxes of the Metropolitan Opera House for the occasion of the Wallack testimonial on the 21st inst. They are all choice, and I shall sell all that there are in the house with the exception of Boxes 37, 38 and 39, and bagnoir Box A, which are reserved. Now what am I offered for first choice?" \$300, "350," "300," "300," "300." The bids were rapid. They went in jumps of \$30 up to \$300, at which price Mr. Palmer took the first choice. In due time he stepped forward and said, "I'll take box 39 for lady whom everybody in this house will recognize—Mrs. Hoyle," who requested me to bid it in and then have it resold."

Applause followed this acknowledgment, and then the auctioneer began again. Second choice was again taken by Mr. Palmer for the sum of \$350, announcement being made that it was for Agnes Ethel. Box 6 was chosen. Judge Hilton took box 5 for \$300. Joseph J. Doherty, the well-known actor, paid \$300 for box 14, and announced that it was for the little children of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum. Robert L. Cutting took box 19 for \$300. Tyson, the speculator, took box 9 for \$300, and a little man in the rear took box 14 for \$30. "I can't see you," said the auctioneer. "Abe Hummel," came the answer.

James Gordon Bennett was the next purchaser. He selected box 10 for \$300; a Mrs. Terry bought box 12 for \$300; a party by the name of "Smith" got box 30 for \$300; Al Weber secured box 16 for \$300; John L. Ritter paid \$350 for box 18; Mr. Delmonico paid out \$30 for box 20; Mr. Rand paid \$35 for box 15; Thomas F. Bardou, the well-known old-time treasurer of the house, paid \$30 for box 17; Mrs. William H. Meeker paid \$30 for box 19; Mr. Goddard paid

\$30 for box 3; H. Wilson secured box 4 for \$30; Mr. Postley got box 2 for \$30; F. A. Lovecraft, for many years associated with Wallack's Theatre, paid \$30 for box 11; Mr. Webb, architect, box 28 at the same price; Miss G. Borgia paid \$35 for box 22; Mr. Dyer paid \$35 for box 21; William M. Fierro gave \$35 for box 22; E. J. McBride, the speculator, gave \$35 for box 24; Joseph J. O'Donohue, "our next President," as the auctioneer put it, again purchased a box, this time for \$35; Richard Mansfield paid the same price for box 27; A. B. Cole gave \$30 for box 1, and Mr. Tyson paid \$30 for the remaining seven boxes.

Next the boxes were secured by Leonard Jerome for \$30. He took box C. At this point Mr. Palmer announced that John Jacob Astor had purchased box 7 for \$190. Mr. Marquand secured box 6 for \$35; John Hunter got box D for \$30, cash paid \$35 for box 23; Mr. Crocker gave \$35 for box G; Mr. Benjamin the same price for box F; Mr. Tyson took four boxes at \$30 each; Mr. Feinberg paid \$30 for box 10 for the same price; Mr. Steiner; box 49 to William B. Douglas; box 50 to Mr. Meyer; box 51 to Mrs. F. C. Harriott, and one box to J. Donald. At \$15 each Mr. Tyson took twelve boxes; Mr. Miller box 58, and Mrs. Terry box B, at \$10 each the remaining boxes were sold to speculators McBride and Tyson. The total result of the sale added to the fixed price of \$600, which was \$1,000. The average per box was \$83. The average amount realized per box over the fixed price was \$15. It is believed by Mr. Palmer that the testimonial will clear \$20,000.

Helen Barry's Plans.

On last Saturday Helen Barry, the English actress, who is to tour the country next season under the management of J. M. Hill, arrived on the *City of Berlin*. When she arrived she was suffering severely from a cold contracted on the voyage. On Monday when a MIRROR representative was ushered into her suite of apartments in the hotel, she could scarcely speak above a whisper. In conversation the actress stated that she had come to America because Mr. Hill, on account of the burning of the Union Square Theatre, would have no opportunity to pay his proposed visit to England, and so long as she remained here she would be free to continue her career of twenty-eight weeks, five of which were to have been spent at the Union Square Theatre. Several new plays had been brought over for the manager's consideration, including *Heidi Asunder*, a four-act comedy-drama by Malcolm Watson, which was produced at a matinee.

"I want to get some good people for my company," said Mr. Hill, "and I shall go to America for a summer season. Arthur Mercer, Irene Verona, Ethel Barrington and Florence Noble are also in town and engaged.

"Sheridan, the light comedian, and Minnie Radcliffe have been engaged by Mrs. John Drew for her revival of *The School for Scandal* at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia.

"The forced sale of the *Coney Island* of the West, near Cincinnati, recently, has not been confirmed by the court, and from the present outlook the resort will scarcely reopen this season.

"Sheridan Block, who has been playing Colonel Prescott in *Hold by the Knees* all the season, has returned to the city slightly elated over the praise given her personation by the press.

"Scot and Mills' *Chip o' the Old Block* company having made a distinct success at the Third Avenue Theatre, has been booked for Miner's Newark Theatre for the week of June 4.

"T. H. Winnett contradicts the statement that he has re-engaged all the members of the *Passion's Slave* company for next season. As a matter of fact no arrangements have been made.

"By mutual consent, the ten years' contract between Fanny Gillette and Augustus Piolo has been canceled on account of the paucity of satisfactory parts for the lady in Robert Mantell's repertoire.

"A new play, by Harry A. Da Souche, entitled *Dolors and Hearts*, will be produced at Tony Pastor's on June 18. Among the company will be Walter Perkins, Minnie Dupree, Edward Warren and W. S. Hawkins.

"The statement that Gustave Frohman has concluded negotiations for the building of a new theatre on Broadway, between Thirty-fourth and Forty-second streets, is denied by that gentleman's representative, Branch O'Brien.

"W. M. Morton, manager of Miner's Newark Theatre, has been in court on June 6. Since complications and correspondence have been going on between the prospective beneficiary and some of New Jersey's most distinguished citizens against this event.

"Hattie Arnold Lewis, an actress whose principal line of business was eccentric old women, died in this city on Friday last. She was married to Ike Lewis, also in the profession. Her latest engagement was in the part of Aunt Ophelia in *Jay Rial's Uncle Tom's Cabin* company.

"The new Park Avenue Opera House, Mechanicsville, N. Y., will be formally opened on the 17th inst. Mortimer Murdoch's *Hoop of Gold* will be presented, with Victoria Bateman as Ruth Bullion, supported by Edmund Kirby, Edward Drew, Drew A. Morton, Annie Cybordens and the author.

"Marie Lawrence Osgood has been asked to create the leading role in *A Fatal Step*, which will be produced at the Academy of Music, Chicago, during the month of June. The offer was made by Helen Mowat, the author, who believes her peculiarly adapted to meet the requirements of the part.

"Robson and Crase close their four weeks' engagement in Boston, at the Hollis Street Theatre, on Saturday night. It is said that allowing a fair average for the present week, the chances are that they will have played to fully \$37,000 during their engagement. The season will close in Chicago.

"McGillivray and Balfour, this week, with plans for the reconstruction of H. R. Jacobs' Grand Opera House. The theatre will be literally gutted and made one of the handsomest houses in the country. Manager Jacobs proposes to spend \$30,000 in the reconstruction.

"John A. Stevens' comedy-drama, *A Narrow Escape*, begins a four weeks' tour next week at the Academy of Music, Jersey City. Among the company are the following artists: John A. Stevens, R. E. Graham, Hudson Linton, Henry Holland, Paul Hobbs, Marion Russell, Emily Lyons, Margaret Tanner and George Dickens.

"Harr's Summer season of operas at the Academy of Music, Baltimore, was inaugurated by the Carlton Opera Company on Monday evening last in presence of a distinguished assemblage. Governor Jackson, Mayor Latrobe and other dignitaries honoring the occasion with their presence. The house was crowded to the doors.

"Thomas E. Garrick, of St. Louis, who was a member of Frederick Ward's company for six years, working his way from utility to heavy business, is at the Hotel James. Mr. Garrick, desiring to secure a position that will be more to his advantage, artistically considered, resigned from Mr. Ward's support in February last. He is now in quest of an engagement.

"McLain and Lehman have secured a twenty years' lease of the New Burbank Opera House, now being built at Los Angeles, Calif., for the 17th inst. Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett, while in that city, inspected the place, and said if the theatre was built in accordance with their plans, it would be the handsomest theatre in the country.

"Frank Charvat emphatically contradicts the statement of our *Ambrose* (Mass.) correspondent that there is a breach between his star, Ulric Akersstrom and himself, and that Frank Hewitt will probably succeed him next season. Mr. Charvat says that Hewitt is a youth who acts as property-man with the company. There is no breach and no change is contemplated.

"The Grand Opera House at Atlantic City, N. J., has just been completed, at a cost of \$40,000, and will be opened early in June, with A. S. Penoyer as resident manager. The building is centrally located on the main avenue, a disadvantage to be unsurpassed in point of elegance and comfort. The floors are carpeted with Alexander Brussels, and the house is lighted with gas and electricity. Mr. Penoyer would like to hear from some first-class attraction with which to open the house.

"On Monday last an arrangement was closed with Manager A. M. Palmer by which William Gillette will present several of his plays at the Madison Square Theatre for a term of three months, opening early in August with an original light-comedy entitled *A Legal Wreck*. Following this in September it is intended to put on *Hold by the Knees*, with a special cast. The Madison Square will be the theatre where this play originally became its success. From June 1 to October 1, Mr. Gillette's new military-comedy, *A Confederate Casualty*, will receive its first production, and will be given throughout the balance of his season at this theatre.

"F. Burlingame, stage manager of the Opera House at Waausau, Wis., writes: "I think if the Rev. Dr. Dix would read *The MIRROR* for six months he would never again make such unjust and unkind remarks for remarks regarding the stage. Not only is *The MIRROR* the legitimate organ of the dramatic profession, but it is a bright, clear and nervous journal that reflects a true light on the stage and deals justly with all. During the present season I have put the question, 'What do you consider the dramatic organ of the profession?' to every manager who has played here, and with but two exceptions they have replied, 'That *New York MIRROR*. The exceptions were *Manager Murtha's Season*. They were pirates—their dislike for *The MIRROR*, which to them is a man-of-war.'

"Great preparations are going on for a benefit to Mrs. Phillips, the widow of Al Phillips, to take place next Thursday afternoon at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, which house has been donated for the occasion by Manager J. W. Rosenquist. The benefit will be under the auspices of several prominent managers of the city, while M. E. M. Bowers, R. E. Graham, Ed. A. Stevens, John H. Russell and John J. Hay will act in committee and arrangements. Wm. Goodwin will be chief usher while Fred Arthur, Charlie Dickens and Robert Hillard will act as aids. Among those who will appear are Neil Burgess and company in an act of *Vim*; the Natural Gas company, *Loye Full*; Kittle Cheatham, Kate Uart, John A. Mackay, Robert E. Graham, Frank Cushman, Jessie Yeaman, Jessie Williams, Abe Harrison, Edwin French and Monroe and Rice.

PROVINCIAL.

[CONTINUED FROM P. 5TH PAGE.]

(Jessie Bonstelle) April 30. Good co. to good house. Next week bar of engagements.

WARREN.

New Warren Opera House (P. L. Webb, manager); Faience made a great hit. Annie Crofton in title role made a decided hit. No better Faience or similar soubrette part ever seen here.

ASHTABULA.

Smith's Opera House (L. W. Smith and Son, managers); Murray and Murphy in Our Irish Visitors 4 to medium-sized houses. The play gave a sort of satisfaction. Professor Anderson, the exposer of spiritualism, 10-12.

Items: Murray and Murphy close their season at Tarenton, Pa., 10. The manager informs your correspondent that they will play Our Irish Visitors another season.—Professor Anderson is the only attraction at present booked for this season.

CARROLTON.

Opera House (Heilrich and Fredericks, proprietors); Sparks Brothers' specialty co. 3. Wretched performance to good house.

Item: Sparks Brothers' co. has dwindled down from twenty-five members to nine worn-out slugs.

HAMILTON.

Music Hall (Wallace Boyer, manager); Emma Abbott played to a large and refined audience April 30. The co. did not do justice to the opera of Martha, playing it too hurriedly. Two Johns, 5, played to a fair business, but deserved crowded houses. They were called before the curtailed at each performance.

McAllister in Taken From Life, 1, to light audiences. The co. is a good one, and deserved better patronage.

This attraction closed our regular season, though there will yet be several local attractions.

BUTLER.

Opera House (John C. Campbell, manager); The lovers of music only turned out to hear the Butler Choral Union give their first concert of the season at. The only feature worthy of mention was Mrs. C. Christy's lullaby from *Ermisine*. Edith Sinclair Comedy co. did fair business 27, producing A Box of Cash. Second appearance this season. Had it not been for a festival at the Rink they would have done a much better business.

SHENANDOAH.

(Theatre (P. J. Ferguson, manager); Marie Prescott and E. D. McLean presented *Laemmle*, 4, and Romeo and Juliet, 5, in an excellent manner to a fair business, but deserved crowded houses. They were called before the curtailed at each performance.

NORRISTOWN.

Music Hall (Wallace Boyer, manager); Emma Abbott played to a large and refined audience April 30. The co. did not do justice to the opera of Martha, playing it too hurriedly. Two Johns, 5, played to a fair business, but deserved crowded houses. They were called before the curtailed at each performance.

MILKSPORT.

(Academy of Music (William G. Killig, manager); Marie Prescott, April 30, 1, in *Iagostr* and Romeo and Juliet to small houses. The audiences were elated, and the productions were never produced better here; costumes superb. Charles Erie Verner, 4, in *Shamus O'Brien* to a fair-sized and enthusiastic audience. The songs and dances were greatly applauded. Co. good throughout.

MCKEERSPORT.

White's Opera House (A. W. Van Andra, manager); James Erie's World, 5, to good business. The Opera House closed its curtain after three weeks of this performance.

Items: Ed. McHugh and S. L. Clapham of the Scorer Willard co., which closed season at Mansfield, are back after a satisfactory engagement, and will spend the first week in June. They import soloists from Richmond, Baltimore and Philadelphia.

ROANOKE.

Opera House (Tennysen and Simpson, managers); Lottie Church co. April 30, three nights, to fair business. McN. J. and S. Minstrels 3 to a large audience. Carroll Johnson caught the town. Bob Slavin was not with them, but rejoin in Norfolk to-night (14).

Globe Opera House (Hesslein, Overmyer and Decher, managers); Robert McWade 4, to good house.

Stevens' Fashion Theatre (Milt. H. Stevens, proprietor); Good business all week.

Item: Charles Verner was to play at Music Hall April 30, but was taken sick at Richmond, and the manager secured Florence Bindley on six hours' notice.

FORTORIA.

Andre Opera House (W. H. Howell, manager); Francis Labode presented *Nobdy's Child* April 30 to poor house, but pleased those who were there. Miss Nevills and her son Austin in *Boy Tramp* 1 to fair house and the best pleased audience of the season. No other attractions are booked this season, and the house will close for repairs the latter part of this month.

WASHINGTON C. H.

Opera House (H. S. Smith, manager); Edwards' Dramatic co. three nights to light audiences (date not given). Fair performance; support poor.

DEFIANCE.

Myers Opera House (Myers and Viers, managers); Boy Tramp April 30 to a modest co. good; altogether the house played poorly here this season.

Items: F. O. Coard and wife arrived home for the Summer May 5—Mr. Coard is manager of the Kineton Hart Opera co., which closed a successful season at Carbondale, Pa., April 5.

MUSKILLON.

Bucher's Opera House (Bucher and Porter, managers); Trixie played here 4 to poor business. Boring for Gas, co. billed for 4, made no appearance. Two Johns 12.

NORWALK.

Cardiner's Music Hall (S. L. Lovey, manager); W. C. Fletcher and wife 1, a modest co. by local talents, 10-12. Mrs. Fletcher's Daughter, Dorothy, the interest of the Victoria Inn, with nominal assets. Miss Kezma Stanford, a noted young clairvoyant of this city, together with George Hay, did themselves honor.

Items: Orlando Harley, of London, England, and a Norwalk boy is home on a visit. He is one of the noted tenors of both countries, and has favored his admirers by appearing in several concerts.—Mrs. Linda Franklin is spending the Summer in the city, and will probably be a member of the Summer co. Mr. and Mrs. Lee Wheaton, of this city, have gone to Port Huron, Mich., where they joined the Summer co. at that place.

OREGON.

PORTLAND.

(J. F. Howe, lessee and manager); New Park Theatre (April 29 in Virginia to a fashionable and packed house. He was vociferously received, and played the steady Romas with power and discrimination. General Cadol, Mr. Ward's new piece, was given 4-5. It is a comic plus. The co. is quite otherwise. Mr. Ward's acting direction, Gallo-Gladstone & Richard III. followed by S. R. O. Mr. Ward is without doubt improving, and even now it is a question with many whether he has any exceptions to his school. His support was uniformly good—notably Fanny Al. Reeves, Fred. J. Huber and Kitty Allyne.

Item: Orlando Harley, of London, England, and a Norwalk boy is home on a visit. He is one of the noted tenors of both countries, and has favored his admirers by appearing in several concerts.—Mrs. Linda Franklin is spending the Summer in the city, and will probably be a member of the Summer co. Mr. and Mrs. Lee Wheaton, of this city, have gone to Port Huron, Mich., where they joined the Summer co. at that place.

RHODE ISLAND.

PROVIDENCE.

Provide Opera House (James Marrow, manager); Krishna drew large house all of last week. This week Joseph Murphy will be seen in *Kerry Girl*. The Doggett and Shanu Rue. Madame Janischek plays a short engagement of three nights 14, in repertoire.

Westminster Music: Faletta drew large audiences the past week and was really well sung and mounted. This was Victoria in the Stocking 14, 15. In addition, Mrs. Richmond and Glenay, Fox and Watson, 1. A. Kelley, Edward Clancy, Kitty Randolph, M. J. Weston, Al. Reeves, Fred. J. Huber and Kitty Allyne will be heard in a variety entertainment.

Galley Museum: For the present week Iolanthe will be the attraction with Blanche De Vere as Phyllis and Milton Abus as the Lord Chancellor. The co. that is producing these pretty little operas is among the best that has been seen here this season.

TECHASSE.

New Opera House (Fayl R. Albert, manager); Gilmore's Band attracted an immense crowd 1 and gave a very fine performance. This closes the Opera House until next season.

Items: At meeting of the stockholders of the New Opera House, Manager Paul R. Albert was unanimously re-elected secretary and manager, which we doubt will be welcome news to the profession.—The Casino will open its doors 7 with a fine specialty co. The Opera House orchestra will hereafter be found here. The Casino will be under the management of W. A. Edwards.

KNOXVILLE.

Stan's Theatre (Fritz Staub, proprietor); Grays Opera co. 3-7 to very large crowds. This is the best popular price of the season here, and has well-received secretary and manager, which we doubt will be welcome news to the profession.—The Casino will open its doors 7 with a fine specialty co. The Casino will be under the management of W. A. Edwards.

MEMPHIS.

Gilmore's famous band will open at Jackson Mound Park on Friday, 4, and give five performances. The sale of reserved seats has been quite lively—all the available space taken up, making a seating capacity of 9,000.

Robinson's Dime Museum is closed for this week. The manager is making arrangements to commence business on his large boat—a floating museum. The boat is completed and will soon be ready for business. Gentry's Theatre is playing to fair houses for the season.

TEXAS.

Cameron's Opera House (Frank Northrop, manager); Katie Putnam April 30 in *Kriss the Elf* to an appreciative and crowded house. Miss Putnam is one of Greenville's favorite soubrettes, and she is the same earnest, vivacious, versatile actress. She comes this time with a strong support. Billy Emerson, the ex-beret-cork comedian, caught on in great shape in his specialties. The performance was entirely satisfactory throughout, and deserved the good house. The theatrical world is awaiting the grand opening of the new theatre.

Item: Our season here is virtually closed, though Mr. Risches does not turn over the house to his successor till July 1.

WACO.

Garland Oper. House (J. P. Garland, manager); Lester and Alan's Early Birds April 30, to a large audience. Fair variety performance.

DALLAS.

Greenwell's Opera House (Greenwall and Sons, managers); Mrs. Landry 3-5 in *A Wife's Peril*. As in a Looking-Glass and Lady of Lyons to large and unappraising audiences. The heavy rains during Mrs. Landry's engagement prevented many from attending. Lester and Alan's Early Birds to light business, and deservedly so. The performance is utterly bad. This ends the theatrical season in Dallas.

Item: Manager Greenwall has gone to New Orleans to take charge of the Grand Opera House.

EL PASO.

Myers' Opera House (Carpenter and Hinges, managers); Mrs. Langtry April 30 to a full house at each performance. This closes house for season '87-'88.

UTAH.

Salt Lake Theatre (H. B. Clawson, manager); Hallen and Hart's First Prize Ideals, minus Hallen and Hart, drew two large audiences April 25-26. The specialty acts are very good throughout. The only tiresome ones are Lawlor and Thornton, who should be promptly extinguished. Next week, Gus Williams.

VERMONT.

Rutland Opera House (A. W. Higgins, manager); The Rutland Opera co. presented La Moccata 2-4 first-class. Professor D. M. Bristol's Equestriacurriculum 10-12.

BURLINGTON.

Howard Opera House (W. K. Walker, manager); Ren. Howard and C. H. Smith's Comedy co. April 26, well at popular prices, to large houses. People turned away one night. Bristol's Equestriacurriculum 14, week; Dixey 25.

VIRGINIA.

Theatre (Mrs. A. T. Powell, manager); Johnson, McN. J. and S. Minstrels 3, appeared to a good house.

RICHMOND.

Academy of Music (W. H. Sherwood, manager); McN. J. and S. Minstrels 3, appeared to a crowded house 4 closing the season. The show was not

up to the usual standard, and one could readily see that the days of the troupe are numbered.

Opera House (R. J. Taylor, manager); The Silbans closed their house at the theatre during last week, and closed the regular season 5.

Items: Manager Sherwood, of the Academus, not content with his many manifestations of appreciation of THE MIRROR during the past two seasons, has now, through his scholarly and brilliant lady, given your correspondents a cordial invitation to visit "Gotham" as their guest. It is with great regret that the kind invitation could not be accepted.—The many friends in the profession of the genius "Mike" McKevitt will be glad to leave that the name is prominently mentioned as one of our aldermen for the ensuing term.—I am glad to learn that the popular young treasurer of the Academy, Joe Le Fouche, Jr., has been re-engaged for the season of '88-'89. He is ever courteous to the patrons of his house, and to none more than to THE MIRROR correspondent.

CHARLOTTEVILLE.

Levy Opera House (Spencer and Page, managers); The Cora Van Tassel on came April 30. May 1-10 in Fanchon the Cricket, Rip Van Winkle and The Danites to large and appreciative audiences, under the management of Edwin Young, who expects to return shortly. Gigantic Railroad Show 10.

ROANOKE.

Opera House (Tenney and Simpson, managers); Lottie Church co. April 30, three nights, to fair business. McN. J. and S. Minstrels 3 to a large audience.

Carroll Johnson caught the town. Bob Slavin was not with them, but rejoin in Norfolk to-night (14).

SAVANNAH.

Savon-Davis Co.: East Claire, Wis., May 7-week.

BIRMINGHAM: Omaha, Neb., May 10, Plattsburgh 11, Hastings 12, Cheyenne, Wyo., 14-15, Laramie 16, Salt Lake City, U. T., 18-19, Virginia City, Mont., 21, Carson, Nev., 22, R. M. 23, Sacramento, Cal., 23-26.

BOSTON TRAMP.

Boy Tramp (Miss. Neuville's) Co.: Louisville, Ky., May 7-week; Philadelphia 19-week; Boston 19-

BANDMANN.

Omaha, Neb., May 10, Plattsburgh 11, Hastings 12, Cheyenne, Wyo., 14-15, Laramie 16, Salt

BOSTON.

Boston, N. Y., May 10, Westfield 17, Springfield 18, Holyoke 19.

BISHOP'S COMEDY.

Erie, Pa., May 7-week.

CHARLES ERICK VERNER.

Co.: N. Y. City May 7-week.

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THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

DUNCAN-CLARK CO.: Salem, N. J., May 10.
EARLY BIRDS (Lester and Allen) CO.: Hot Springs, Ark., May 10-11; Fort Smith 12.
HALLER AND HART CO.: Colorado Springs, Colo., May 10-11; Denver 12-14—weeks; N. Y. City 15-16, and close of season.
LILY CLAY'S COMB: Philadelphia May 7—week.
MCKANLASS SPECIALTY TROUPE: Eureka, Nev., May 10; Elko 11-12; Tuscarora 13-14; Ogden, U. T., 16; Salt Lake City 17-18; Butte; Mont., 25—play the territory.
REILLY-WOODS CO.: San Francisco April 30—two weeks.
REED AND SAWTRY CO.: Chicago, Ill., May 7—two weeks.
SHIFFER AND BLACKLEY CO.: Brooklyn May 7—week.
TONY PASTOR: COME: Hoboken, N. J., May 10-17.
THE NIGHT OWL CO.: Chicago, Ill., May 7—week.
VIENNA LADY FENCERS CO.: N. Y. City May 1—indefinitely.

CIRCUSES, ETC.

BARNUM'S CIRCUS: Columbus, Ohio, to Springfield 12; Cincinnati 13-14; Dayton 15; Muske, Ind., 16; Indianapolis 17; Louisville, Ky., 18.
CHARLES LEE'S COMB: Hancock, N. Y., May 10.
ELI PERKINS CO.: Winchester, Ky., May 10, Lebanon 11.
FORPAUGH-SAMUEL CIRCUS: Hollister, Cal., May 11; Templeton 12.
FORPAUGH'S: Lebanon, Pa., May 10, Pottsville 11.
FRANCIS ROWNS' CIRCUS: Johnstown, Pa., May 10; Derry 11; Greensburg 12; Irwin 13; East Liberty 13; Monongahela City 16; Brownsville 17; Uniontown 18.
HUBLEY'S HIPPODROME: North Adams, Mass., May 10; Pittsfield 11-12; New Bedford 14-16; Providence, R. I., 19.
HUNTING'S CO.: Ossego, N. Y., May 10-12; Binghamton 13-14; Schenectady, N. Y., May 15-16; Carbondale 17-18; Archibald 19.
HUNTING'S CIRCUS: Oneonta, N. Y., May 10-12; Utica 13; Rome 14; Little Falls 15; Gloversville 16; Amsterdam 17; Herkimer Falls 18.
JONES-BATHMAN'S CIRCUS: Lockport, N. Y., May 10; Tonawanda, 11-12.
JOHN ROBINSON'S SHOW: Wadsworth, Conn., May 10; East Liverpool 11; Rochester, Pa., 12; Pittsburgh 13.
MILLER-FREEMAN CO.: Jamestown, N. Y., May 10; Hornsville 11; Elmira 12; Ithaca 13; Courtland 13; Auburn 16; Oneida 17; Utica 18; Rome 19; Little Falls 20; Gloversville 21; Amsterdam 23; Herkimer Falls 24.
MURRAY'S CIRCUS: St. Louis May 14—week.
MILLER-RINCKEL CO.: Mansfield, Ohio, May 10-12.
ORTON'S BROT.: City of Mexico—indefinite.
PROF. MORRIS' EQUINE PARADE: Indianapolis May 7—week.
REED-COMB: Atlantic, Ia., May 10; Walnut 11-12.
WALLACE'S CIRCUS: East Liverpool, O., May 10; Pittsburg, Pa., 11; Irwin 12; Connellsville 14; Scottdale 15; Uniontown 16; Brownsville 17; Tarentum 18; Kittanning 19; Oil City 21; Franklin 22.

A Chapter of Dramatic History.

In his letter last week our Paris correspondent spoke, among other topics, of the revival at the Comedie Francaise of Adrienne Lecouvreur, Scribe and Legouev's piece, that has been made familiar to American audiences chiefly by the admirable acting of Ristori and Sarah Bernhardt. M. Legouev, who is now eighty-one years old, has just written a sparkling account of the incidents that preceded the first performance of this comedy-drama, and which we are happy to offer to our readers:

Adrienne Lecouvreur, he says, was written at Mlle. Rachel's request, I might almost say at her prayer; but the few months that we employed in writing the piece she used in disgusting herself with it. Changeable by imagination and nature, she was still more so by feebleness. She consulted everybody and everybody had an influence over her. The chaff of a critic was sufficient to disentangle her of an idea that pleased her five minutes before. This is what happened for Adrienne Lecouvreur. The counsel-givers frightened her about this attempt at playing a drama role. Hermione and Pauline consenting to speak in prose! Corneille and Racine's daughter becoming the god-daughter of Scribe! What a profanation!

The day the piece was to be read to the theatrical committee, Mlle. Rachel resolved to refuse the role. All the committee were present; the actresses, who then enjoyed the title of judges, were talking to the actors and when Scribe and I entered the room a certain air of aeropagus among the assembly inspired me with a troublesome presentiment. Scribe took the manuscript and began to read. I sank into an arm-chair and began to observe. Then I saw a double comedy pass before me; ours and the one that was silently played in the hearts of the committee. Vaguely instructed about the secret inclinations of their illustrious comrade they found themselves in a delicate position. A work written for Mlle. Rachel, and that Mlle. Rachel did not want to play, might become a grave subject of difficulty, even of judicial proceedings, if it were accepted by the committee. So the committee watched Mlle. Rachel's face during the reading of Adrienne. Her face remaining absolutely impassable, the others remained the same. During the five long acts she did not smile, applaud or approve. The general immobility was so complete that Scribe thought he saw one of our judges ready to fall asleep. Interrupting his reading, he said to her:

"Don't trouble yourself about me, if you wish to sleep, my dear friend."

The committee all protested against a like desire, and this incident was the only one that troubled the reading. Yes, there was one other incident, or at least the beginning of one. At the fifth act, in the last scene but one, Mlle. Rachel was so worked up by the situation that she leaned slightly forward from the back of her chair, to which she seemed to have been riveted, and appeared to listen and interest herself in what she heard. But noticing that I observed her, she immediately took her old position and her marble countenance.

When the reading was finished Scribe and I passed into the manager's room. A few minutes later the manager rejoined us and said with an expression of regret that we accepted as sincere, that Mlle. Rachel "did not see herself in the role," and that the work being composed for her the committee were of opinion that the reading should be considered as not having taken place.

"In other words," replied Scribe, "our piece is refused. Very well. Everything comes to the one who knows how to wait."

The following day three different managers asked me for the piece. Scribe liked the revenge that looked like vengeance, and he thought they ought always to be served hot; so he wanted to accept one of these offers. I objected.

"My dear friend," I said to him, "the piece has been written for the Theatre-Francais, and it must be played at the Theatre-Fran-

cais. The role was made for Mlle. Rachel and it must be played by Mlle. Rachel."

"But how can you make her play it?"

"I don't know; but it must be done. In the course of our work, where your part has been so large, you sometimes told me that I understood the role of Adrienne better than you. I have always thought, in fact, that there was a new personage in this tragedian who has felt the noble sentiments of the tragic heroines that she represents, and that some of the greatness of Cornelle had passed into the blood of this interpreter of Cornelle. Well, this personage can appear only on Cornelle's stage."

I appeared to be so convinced that I insisted by gaining Scribe over to my idea; but not without some difficulty. The managers continued to ask him for the piece. One of them, Montigny, of the Gymnase, said to me, as a last argument:

"Rose (his wife, whose stage name was Rose Cheret) has never yet died upon the stage, and she would be so pleased to be paid on!"

This argument, however decisive it was, did not persuade me; but six months having passed without bringing any change in the situation. Scribe told me that he would not make any longer:

"Give me a week's time," I replied. "You ought to go and spend a week at Sericourt. Upon your return, if I have not arranged the matter, I will care for it."

"I will be there at 11 o'clock one week from to-day."

He started off, and I went to work to get our piece received at the Francais. A new government administrator of the theatre had just been appointed. I called upon him and said this:

"You know of Mlle. Rachel's refusal. Is this refusal a mistake? I don't know. But the form of this refusal was certainly an error. It was not correct to return in this fashion to a man like Scribe a work that he had been asked to write. It was not proper to offend in this way a master who is in the front rank, and permit me to add, a young man who is not in the last rank. Mlle. Rachel must feel this and suffer by it. A talented woman like her is not without having a sentiment of common civility. There is a way to conciliate her interests and ours. I will ask her, not to play our piece, but to listen to it. This she can do, not at the theatre and in presence of her comrades, but in her own house surrounded by some of her friends. She shall choose and invite as many or as few as she wishes and I will come alone with the manuscript. If the work displeases this new committee and herself I will retire the piece and consider the judgment as definite. If it pleases her and her friends she will play it. She will have a great success and will call me her saviour."

The offer was made and accepted. Mlle. Rachel said that same evening to one of her friends:

"I cannot refuse M. Legouev's request, but I will never play that ——."

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When I arrived I was doubtless a little agitated, but quite master of myself; I was convinced that I was right and was prepared for the combat. This is how I arranged the affair: Scribe was an admirable reader and had read our piece marvelously well before the committee, except in one part. According to my idea the role of Adrienne had not been sufficiently adapted by the reader to Mlle. Rachel; he had read it with much grace, intelligence and warmth, but as you would read the role of a young lover; it was wanting a little in grandeur, and the character of the heroine was sacrificed to that of the woman. Now that was precisely the point by which Mlle. Rachel could be tamed and habituated to this new personage. The enterprise was not without perils and difficulties for her, and it was necessary to attenuate the first and smooth down the others. The important thing was to indicate in advance the way of passing from one style of acting to the other and to convince her that what would be a transformation for the public would be simply a change of costume for her. According to my idea Scribe had not made this metamorphosis sufficiently felt, and I studied for two days to make it visible and palpable.

When I entered her parlor she received me with that charming welcome, full of fawning grace, that was peculiarly her own. It was she who prepared for me a glass of sugared water and brought me a chair; she herself drew aside the curtains so that the light would be more favorable. When I thought of her famous expression: "I will never play that ——." I laughed to myself at all this display of kindness, as I knew very well why it was done. How could I accuse of ill-will and prejudice a listener so graciously ready to listen to me?

It was what is called at the theatre a preparation.

I began. During the whole of the first act Mlle. Rachel applauded, approved, smiled, in fine, did exactly the contrary to what she had done in the committee. Why? I divined without difficulty. She wished to give as an excuse that the role did not suit her. Now, as Adrienne does not appear in the first act Mlle. Rachel ran no risk in praising this act; her eulogies even might give an air of impartiality to her subsequent reserves and an air of sincerity to the regrets that she would express with her refusal. But her artifice was her great fault, for as soon as her friends saw her marks of satisfaction they joined theirs; their hands got accustomed to applauding, and the reader, encouraged by the applause, warmed up to his back. I arrived at the second act, holding my public in my hands, entering into my subject with all sails spread, pushed by the wind of success and by that electrical breath that all dramatic authors know, which runs suddenly through the house when the victory is declared.

In the second act Adrienne appears, holding in her hand her role of Bajazet that she is studying. The Prince of Bouillon goes up to her and says: "What do you still seek?" She replies: "The truth." "Bravo!" cried Janin. "Oh, ho!" I said to myself, "there's a friend," for, after all, the reply wasn't worth a bravo. Mlle. Rachel turned toward Janin, with a look that seemed to say: "Is he a traitor?" Happily the opinion of the traitor soon became the opinion of everybody. Surprised and slightly embarrassed at not finding the same disdain as on the first day, Mlle. Rachel gave way to the general impression after a feeble resistance, and contented herself with saying, at the end

of the second act, which had been warmly applauded by the spectators: "That act always appeared to me to be best." This was her shadow of defence. At the beginning of the third act she bravely threw her first judgment overboard, exactly like certain politicians who get rid of their opinions of the previous day. She applauded, she laughed, and she cried, in exclaiming from time to time: "How stupid I have been!" After the fifth act she threw her arms around my neck, kissed me and said: "How does it happen that you never thought of being a comedian?" The reader had saved the author. This charmed and flattered me, for some time before, after having heard M. Guizot at the Chamber, she had cried: "How I should like to play tragedy with that man!"

The following day, at exactly eleven o'clock, I went to Scribe's house.

"Well," he said to me, with a bantering air, "how is it?"

My only reply was to draw a piece of paper out of my pocket and read aloud:

"Comedie-Francaise, to-day, at noon, rehearsal of Adrienne Lecouvreur."

"Hein!" he cried.

Then I told him the whole story, and on the following day the serious work of the rehearsals began. I learned a great deal at these rehearsals. Every day at ten o'clock I went to Mlle. Rachel's house, either with Scribe or alone when Scribe was detained by the rehearsals of The Prophet at the Opera, and until half-past seven we studied the act that was to be rehearsed at the theatre at one o'clock. The piece was mounted in twenty-eight days, and not one of these days passed without this double work of morning and afternoon. It was there that I learned to adapt myself to the needs of the piece.

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A Stage Manager's Confessions.

Conclusion.

Caste was at length deposed, and Abbey followed it with School, that Mr. Gilbert might make an appearance. John Gilbert didn't like it at all, for the part he was in the habit of playing to oblige was by no means one in which he could shine in his own particular way. Still there is no doubt that the fact of his being in the cast saved the production severe criticisms.

SCHOOL.

Dr. Satcliffe.....	John Gilbert
Miss Farmstob.....	J. W. Pigott
Jack Poynett.....	Osmond Teasle
Lord Beaufoy.....	E. D. Ward
Kruks.....	C. Dodsworth
Bella.....	Netta Givon
Neomi.....	Mrs. Abbey
Mrs. Sutcliffe.....	Mrs. Louise Eldridge

The school-girls altogether were also a substantial support; apart from one another they were still substantial, too much so in some cases. One young lady to whom nature had been very bountiful in the bestowal of flesh, and who was continuously eating, assured me her motto was "waist not want not." There was no "waste" about her in any sense. She chewed gum and eschewed tight-lacing.

We had no time for under-study in this piece—it was hurry scurry. Aunt Louisa, who had been longing to act, at last secured a part in School, but she pathetically remarked, "Can't you cast me in a piece with a funny old woman in it? This one is a blooming school-mistress."

"Make it funny," I laughingly suggested but not meaning it.

Unhappy thought. She took me at my word?

School was beautifully mounted by Goatcher and every pains taken, but it was not a success. No fault of the audience, for an American audience is marvelously well-disposed.

I asked Abbey what he thought of it.

"I never sit out a play."

Rob'son—"Not when your wife plays principal parts?"

Abbey—"Not then; but don't let on."

Happy thought. I didn't!

School should have been replaced by Selina Dolore's in the Fashion, according to contract. Had there been no contract it would possibly have followed in its turn; but as there was a contract, why—it didn't. These things do occur.

Rob'son—"What next, Mr. Abbey?"

Abbey—"Forget-Me-Not."

Rob'son—"To be made a big production—arched roof—pillars—Rome in the distance—and all that!"

Abbey—Yes, all that and more. As for the distance, have more than one capital on the back-cloth—say Rome, Moscow, London, Jerusalem and Akron, Ohio!"

Rob'son—"That will indeed make a capital back-cloth!"

FORGET-ME-NOT.

Sir Horace Welby.....	Osmond Teasle
Prince Mallotti.....	Harry Edwards
Sorrows.....	J. W. Pigott
Surprise.....	Rose Coghlan
Mrs. Teasle.....	Mme. Ponzi
Alice Verney.....	Netta Givon

An attempt was made to understand this piece, but it was of so feeble a character, and done as it was under all kinds and manners of protest, it is useless to chronicle the t's.

There was one cause for congratulation in producing this play: Rose Coghlan liked her part: This was not a frequent occurrence. It takes a very good part indeed to please the lady now. The rehearsals of Forget-Me-Not were prosaic and lacked novelty in the shape of bickerings and pettiness.

I remember seeing Tearle and Abbey in a corner at one rehearsal, Tearle gesticulating to Abbey, murmuring in guttural tones. Then I heard Tearle say, "I give you twenty-four hours. I don't know whether Abbey wanted twenty-four hours, and if he did I couldn't imagine what he could do with them. At any rate, he seemed disinclined to take them from Tearle, and went elsewhere.

Tearle failed to take up his cue twice that morning; so I conclude it was serious.

During this period I saw a great deal of the boy Hofmann. He was the lion of the office—and the box-office.

Everything was centered in Hofmann, the little money-spinner. Abbey seemed in a dream at the success of this phenomenon. In fact, I think Abbey finally worked himself into the belief that he was playing the piano himself, and that, in a Jekyll-Hyde sort of way, he was Hofmann in the day time and Abbey at night. I saw very little of him, and when I did he was surrounded by other people or wrapped up in his thoughts—a cloak he was in the habit of wearing at all times.

Forget-Me-Not did not draw as it deserved; possibly because it was no novelty. But in the success of Hofmann the failures at Wallack's were overlooked, and all pertaining to that neglected home of the drama was taken for granted. At length the mandate went forth for the production of in the Fashion. This piece, under the title of Fashion, had received an excellent interpretation at the Madison Square Theatre, when produced for Mme. Dolore's benefit, and consequently this was borne in mind when casting it for Wallack's. Eben Plympton was specially engaged, and Lilla Vane accepted an engagement at "Dolly's" request.

IN THE FASHION.

Cassius Desaulnes.....	Osmond Teasle
Vasiny.....	Eben Plympton
M. Pierrot.....	Harry Edwards
Baron Sarcy.....	E. D. Ward
Adelaide de Lapierre.....	Rose Coghlan
Marius Pierrot.....	Lilla Vane
Dora Vasiny.....	Mrs. Abbey

From start to finish—no, I am wrong here; there was a start but no finish in the production of this play—there was a tone of resentment against some person or persons unknown. The company, which had apparently become particular in regard to attention to rehearsals, calls, etc., began to "break away." Day after day prominent people in the cast wholly disregarded the call "perfect;" came late, and otherwise made themselves agreeable. Each had a grievance, but each did not have a good memory, the latter being somewhat of an essential for the good of a first-night, particularly in a dialogue play consisting of five acts.

At first it was amusing, then sad, but finally

alarming. So it went on day after day, until the theatre was closed for a dress rehearsal.

Never shall I forget the earnestness of those who were in earnest, and the desire to be thought so of those who had to make up time. Everything and everybody were there but the words. They were always the last to come. We started without them—at least certain people did. We reached the fourth act—such as one would reach the summit of Mont Blanc without a guide. At the situation which brings down the curtain Plympton had to smack Ward's face. This was deemed unsatisfactory, and was tried from the other side of the stage, and consequently upon the other side of Ward's face. That didn't suit (Ward, particularly), and it was decided to rehearse it over and over again until we "struck" the right thing. Ward winced—in the cause of art and fashion he had been assaulted twice on the cheeks—he had wondered where the next blow was coming (?)

However, Plympton stuck to the cheek, Ward assuring him he "didn't mind," a remark that did not carry conviction along with it. On the first-night this situation was the hit of the piece.

To think of the fifth act is to think of chaos, prolonged and pronounced. The first night was a repetition of the pseudo dress-rehearsal, and added another to the list of failures.

Had the piece been played in all particulars with the earnestness of Plympton and the conscientiousness of Tearle, the verdict, if not favorable, would have been very different in tone, and whatever the play might have been, it received but scant justice at the hands of some of the players.

A stage manager's ability is supposed to be reflected in the fitness of all things on a first-night, and I was not surprised to read the adverse criticisms accompanying the notices on the production of in the Fashion, but to be held responsible for the physical condition of people's minds in a new field for study in stage-management. The generally unpopular stage-manager has enough to bear, as a rule, in combating ignorance and petty malice, but this is quite a new grievance, and can only be overcome by an immediate and close study of physiology; and in place of creation of psychological effects, he must go in for the correction of physiological defects.

The turning point of all things that were now overtaken us.

The adaptation of L'Abbe Constantin was complete.

Abbey introduced me to Clinton Stuart, the adapter. Stuart regarded me from under his eyebrows. (He opened them before we parted.) We chatted about the piece that was to change everything, Midas-like, into gold. The scenery was discussed and arranged, but the cast bothered us all. It was first decided that Tearle was to be left out, a fact which Osmond took notice of, demanding his right as partner to choice of parts.

Tearle and Abbey interchanged courteous arguments over this matter, it ending in Abbey proving to Tearle that it would be better for his salvation in the world to come, in which Abbey would still have Wallack's or its equivalent, and Tearle should be the leading man if he would stand out on this occasion. Tearle said "he hoped to be a star by then, and very much above the place Abbey was likely to be in." At this time W. T. Lovell had arrived to effect an engagement made at the commencement of the season, and he was pounced upon for "misleading part" of this play, to his and his friends' lasting sorrow.

It is not true that he was brought over specially to play in L'Abbe Constantin, as his engagement was made long before this piece ever saw the footlights. The real truth of this is that Stuart, who had seen the piece in Paris, was very sweet on the part himself, and had very preconceived ideas of playing it. Now, had Tearle been in it, Stuart would have had "to approach gently" with his suggestions, and again Stuart, when a journalistic critic, had no very great admiration for Osmond; but, as far as I am concerned, I am sure that he would stand out on this occasion.

Again, the matter contained therein can only be interesting to members of the profession, and hence my desire that it should appear in a theatrical journal.

In conclusion, I can only wish that I had received recognition from the press and public during a period I was holding a position which can be readily understood does not afford much opportunity of pleasing everybody.

W. T. Lovell, the adapter, had given him of his acquired method and ideas of acting inoculated him with his own original—very original—narratives and succeeded (by the careful introduction of the dramatic virus of which he alone possesses the secret) in presenting to the audience through the medium of his patient a panel photograph of himself in the part.

The Grecian bearing and marionette-like movements of Jean Daubray, were after all the creations of the adapter! Lovell was christened "Beauty" by this venturesome dramatist. I will not say Lovell's name for Stuart!

A letter to Mr. Stuart:

DEAR SIR.—As a jockey rides a race-horse (allowing he desires to win) to regulate the pace and keep him steady, until the final rush when he sits down and gives him his head, so should a stage-manager handle an actor.

The time comes at rehearsal for a stage-manager to sit quiet that the actor may have a chance to quietly develop his cause and effects suggested, so that they may appear natural and spontaneous at the proper time.

You "pulled" Lovell, and he didn't win. By this I mean that in your anxiety you never let him go through his part once without interruption. Consequently he was no "flow" in his speech or continuity in his actions, and for this you were entirely to blame. T. W. R.

The production of L'Abbe Constantin is a matter of history. It did not succeed in reviving the fortunes of Wallack's. Further than the cast being unsatisfactory to those competent to judge, the play was too petite for Wallack's stage. In a smaller theatre it would have had a better chance.

At the termination of the run of this piece circumstances brought Abbey and myself into antagonism, and we parted.

It has been charged against me that I was extravagant in my department. Abbey directed me to mount plays in the best style.

Unhappy thought. I did!

Every play was to be a production—never mind the expense.

Unhappy thought. I didn't!

To be held responsible for Abbey's policy at Wallack's is the most unfair thing that ever happened, and for Abbey to stand by and allow it to be done is still more extraordinary.

He had taken the lease of Wallack's with a partner, he had engaged his company, arranged for the pieces to be played—with the exception of in the Fashion and L'Abbe Constantin—and I was the last person offered an engagement on the other side to come here for the first time.

Twas the old story of the monkey and the chestnut; some one had to be scorched.

With reference to this very infernal defense appearing in the columns of a newspaper said to be adverse to Abbey, it may not be out of place to state that in this very same newspaper my personal chastisement at the hands of a noted critic was very severe, and it speaks well for the spirit of fair play which should be characteristic even toward theatrical folk that the editor of an influential journal should allow the *pro* and *con* to be freely discussed.

Again, the matter contained therein can only be interesting to members of the profession, and hence my desire that it should appear in a theatrical journal.

In conclusion, I can only wish that I had received recognition from the press and public during a period I was holding a position which can be readily understood does not afford much opportunity of pleasing everybody.

T. W. ROBERTSON.

London News and Gossip.

LONDON, April 26.

The love for America and for most of all that therein is, was sorely tried at the Princess' last Friday afternoon, when the Delarue Edmund Russell presented Judge Talbourn's gloomy Greek tragedy, *Ion*. The revival was in itself hard enough to endure, but the fact that Russell played the name-part (originally represented by Macready) added fresh terrors to the show. Mrs. Russell, whose debut as Phedre on the previous Monday was fraught with such disastrous results, did not appear on this occasion, but Russell himself gave quite enough Delarueism for one day. I had not seen him before, and so was somewhat surprised to find that, barring distinctly Precious Chin, his face and figure were of the low-comedy type. For several hours did Russell beam blithely around, with his right arm in the air, what time he declaimed, in an effeminate voice, the fiery denunciations which *Ion*, ever and anon, hurl at the existing monarchy and other cognate matters. The same bland and perfectly self-satisfied manner pervaded him when in the one strong scene of the play he prepared to stab the reigning and reckless monarch to the heart. As time rolled on, *Ion* made ready to reign in the late king's stead, previous to which he cheerfully spoke a long anti-monarchical soliloquy, and then smiling sweetly on all around, he curled himself up and died in peace, amid considerable laughter.

Russell's performance was noteworthy for at least one thing, viz.: that he wore less clothing than probably any man has ever worn on any stage, and once during the day when he was walking leisurely about in a kind of brief muslin covering and implored a priest of Argos, who was literally smothered in clothes, to go indoors lest he should be chilled by the night air—laughed set in with such severity that it was feared the play would be unable to proceed. One other thing was noticeable during the afternoon, viz.: that William Rignold, who played the chief priest of Argos, showed such fondness for realistic costume that he wore among other things the collar and cuffs belved of modern masquerade. Whether Mr. and Mrs. Russell will again favor matinees with an exposition of the gospel according to Delarue, has not been recorded up to the time of mailing. For one thing, however, they deserved sincere thanks. They caused considerable glee. Never within the memory of man has an audience been sent away so merry after the representation of a tragedy.

Last Saturday afternoon the Opera Comique company, headed by Mrs. Bernard-Beere, went over to the Strand, opposite, to see Edouin, Alice Atherton and company imitate them in *Airey Annie*, the new parody of *Ariane*. Soon after the parody started Mr. Beere seemed to see her own self reflected in Margaret Ayton. Neville appeared to fancy that in seeing Edouin he was regarding his own shadow. GAWAIN.

Marnes promptly recognized that Alice Atherton was himself, and Boyne litigated uneasily in his seat whenever his parodist Chevalier came on the stage. Altogether the Opera Comiques were left in a state of absolute mystification.

The banns are up for Winifred Emery's marriage with my hated rival, Cyril Maude, and also for the sylphlike Phyllis Broughton's union with Viscount Dangan, and so, alas, bang go two of the only women I ever loved! Sophie Eyre has taken the Gaiety for a short season, and will produce there (after the Dalys have departed) the long-promised adaptation by Edward Rose of Rider Haggard's *She*, which was to have been tried at Old Drury—Boots' Baby, which Edgar Bruce and Edith Woodworth were to have produced at the Royal, will be done at the Globe after all—Rupert Barrington's adaptation of Mr. Barnes, of New York, is again promised at the Olympia—Clelia Howson, the eight-year-old daughter of Charles Howson, so lately with you, is coming out in Society on Saturday—I mean the play of that name—*The Silent Store*, a dramatic version by Mr. Blundell-Burton of his own story of that name is due at an Opera Comique matinee on May 9.

A new one-act piece called *His Last Stake*, written by one Provost Webster was played on Tuesday night at the Princess'. It was anounced as for one night only, and some thought that Miss Hawthorne and Mr. Kelly's main object in the production was to achieve yet further press-notices for their *Mystery of a Hansom Cab*. If this were thus they should have done their spiriting more gently. The unfortunate critics dragged him from all manner of distances to witness a twenty-minutes trifles were kept waiting a good half hour ere the trifles began. Hence they cut up rough, and gave but scant notice to *His Last Stake* and none at all to the chief piece of the evening.

For many days past rumor has been busy as to changes in the lesseehip of the Princess' Theatre being imminent. Wilson Barrett had long been negotiating for the chance of returning to his old home, and at one time last week his return appeared certain. Later on Barrett was supposed to be right out of it, and E. S. Willard was declared by the knowing ones to be all but right in. This morning, however, the fair Grace informs me that she has at last "entered into an engagement with Wilson Barrett to produce his new drama, *Ben-my-Chree*, at the Princess' Theatre on Thursday evening, May 17." Also, that in consequence of these arrangements the "successful run" of *The Mystery of a Hansom Cab* will terminate on its tenth performance, viz., Saturday, May 12, *Ben-my-Chree* is, as I fancy I have already told you, an adaptation of Hall Caine's novel, "The Deemster," by Hall Caine and Wilson Barrett. The scene of the story is the Isle of Man, and the novel's chief claim on notice is the quaint picture it gives of Manx life and manners at the end of the last century.

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